THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COMET.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY F. T.

Far in the midnight sky,
In the deep silence of the summer night,
Whitening the heavens with its pallid ray,
It steals upon my sight.

Solemn upon the heart
Falls the strange influence of that wanderer's beam,
Like some pale phantom from the unknown world,
Or spirit of a dream.

Vainly my thoughts would trace
The awful circle of its wondrous way,
Or fathom the far wilderness of space
Marked by its ghostlike ray.

Where are the forms that moved
On our poor earth, oh! wanderer on high;
Where the high bounding hearts that lived and loved,
When thou before wert nigh!

Long have they passed away,
And perished like the memory of a dream:
The untaught eyes which wondering gazed of yore
On thy pale spectral beam.

Now, on our native earth
Armies are mustering for the battle-strife,
Bold spirits pant to win their glory-ray,
Or yield their transient life.

Few years—and they shall lie
With the past generations of the dead,
E'en like yon meteor swift gliding by,
Bright—glittering—faded—fled.

And thou wilt come again,
E'en where thy train of misty light now waves,
And from the solemn night of years to come,
Wilt shine upon our graves.

Yet in our fleeting breasts,—
Oh! glorious stranger of the northern sky!
Dwell sparks whose orbit is eternity:
Souls that can never die.

When all yon kingly stars,
Which sit so proudly on their thrones to-night,
Seeming immortal with their steadfast eyes,
So still—so calm—so bright—

When all those starry kings,
Like fading tapers, one by one shall wane,
Our souls, our trembling souls, so transient here,
Shall rise—shall live again.

Farewell! may He who made
Man for endeavor, and the stars to shine,
Be with thee on thy solitary path,
And guide me safe through mine.

A PAINTER'S COURTSHIP

CHAPTER I.

It was a fine May evening when, encompassed by a great deal of luggage, I drove up in a noisy "four-wheeler" to the door of No. 6, Wilhelmina street.

No. 6 was to be my residence, as I supposed, for two months. It was not wonderful, therefore (considering I had never been in the neighborhood before), that I should look about me in some anxiety as the vehicle stopped. A glance at the house set my mind, to a certain extent, at rest. Its aspect was unquestionably respectable. I noted with satisfaction the spotless doorstep, and the broad, newly-painted front-door. And further, the page, who promptly answered the cabman's ring, was so trim and smart, and the hall within spoke so clearly of comfort, that I quickly laid aside my misgivings altogether.

On entering, I was met by Dr. Duncome, the owner of the house, who, although hitherto a total stranger to me, greeted me with the greatest cordiality, and entirely dissipated the feeling of awkwardness which I usually experience upon introduction to unfamiliar scenes and persons.

And my host's politeness extended beyond words. So soon as my numerous packages were safely lifted from the cab, he proceeded to conduct me to my rooms himself.

"You will like," he said, "to see your quarters before joining us in the drawing-room. I hope we have been able to meet your requirements with regard to a temporary studio. You shall see."

I did see, and was well satisfied. Meanwhile, nothing could exceed the frank courtesy of the doctor's manner.

"There is," he said, in an apologetic tone, as he was about to leave me, "one circumstance connected with the household which, by your leave, I will mention."

I bowed.

"We have residing with us," proceeded the doctor, "a young lady whose painful position makes us anxious to treat her with the greatest consideration and indulgence. She is beautiful, and accomplished; but sorrow and misfortune have rendered her remarkably shy and sensitive. Her father, once possessed of large property, lost the whole of that property in a single day, and is now, unfortunately, in a county lunatic asylum. The daughter, with praiseworthy effort, is maintaining herself by teaching. But I fear—I fear—lest her reason— Sometimes I even fancy— But I merely mention these facts that you may be enabled to avoid such subjects of conversation as might be painful to her. You understand me?"

"Entirely," I answered.

"And what refreshment may I order you?" inquired the doctor as he went away.

I said I would "go in for tea" having dined already.

"Very good," was the answer. "Tea is just going up. It will be quite ready by the time you are prepared to join us. As soon as you please, come to the drawing-room, when I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to Mrs. Duncome."

And here let me tell the reader that I am a painter, residing in the West of England, and possessed of a small private fortune; that at the time of which I write I was on a visit to London (partly professional), and just then aged thirty years; and that an old friend of mine had been the means of introducing me into the establishment of Dr. Duncome. I may add that Dr. Duncome—or, more properly, Mr. Duncome—was a surgeon, whose practice, although (as I had been informed) considerable, was not so remunerative as to render him superior to the necessity of receiving boarders into his house. My friend, having some slight acquaintance with Mrs. Duncome's family, had secured for me the convenient quarters I have described, knowing it to be my wish to board in some respectable household, where I should avoid, on the one hand, the heavy expenses of a West-end hotel, and, on the other, the numerous petty inconveniences of ordinary lodgings. So far, I felt entirely satisfied with my friend's choice.

Having completed my toilet, I went down to the drawing-room. It may be confessed that I did so with some trepidation! I am a shy man, and have a dread of new people. Besides, the description given me of the young lady inmate had awakened within me a strange agitating curiosity. The moment of introduction to her appeared to me to be one of serious importance. As I stood upon the white mat at the drawing-room door I wished it was that time to-morrow.

As I entered, the room looked cheerful. By this time evening was closing in; the blinds therefore were down, and the lamp was lighted. Dr. Duncome rose at once and introduced me to his wife. Her face was like that of a person reflected in the convex of a spoon held vertically. The upper part was, out of all proportion, larger than the lower. But, notwithstanding this, her gentle and ladylike bearing immediately attracted me.

A second lady who was present I conceived to be the one of whom I had already heard. Nor was I mistaken. Miss Coles, as I immediately discovered, was exceedingly young, and of no ordinary beauty. Upon the announcement of my name she looked up at me with a peculiar, shy, and inquiring expression, and, bowing slightly, instantly bent her eyes again upon the work which had been absorbing her attention at the moment of my entrance. "Poor girl," I thought. "There is certainly, as the doctor hinted, something queer about her."

Seated at the table, I had an opportunity, such as had not before been afforded me, of examining the person of my host.

Is there any subtle science awaiting future discovery which shall explain to us the causes of those strange antipathies that sometimes arise, without apparent reason, between us and certain of our fellow-creatures? I may as well at once inform the reader that during my first gaze at Dr. Duncome's face I conceived towards him a feeling of strong dislike. Notwithstanding the continued affability of his manner, every succeeding glance at his features confirmed the unfavorable impression. I argued with myself, however, that my rising aversion was unreasonable. True, the doctor could boast no facial attractions. His features were of a common type. His complexion was of that order which colors the whole face, neck, and ears, with a uniform brick-dust red; and his hair, light and straight, threw about its ragged points in all directions.

But although Dr. Duncome was far from being handsome, there was really nothing about him, I reflected, to warrant my feeling of dislike. He continued during the whole evening to be exceedingly polite and attentive to me, and his one object appeared to be to make me thoroughly at my ease. None of his civilities, however, could obliterate the impression which his face had made upon me at the first inspection.

After tea the doctor proposed a rubber of whist. The ladies readily assented, as though the idea were no unfamiliar one. I, too, as a matter of course, agreed; and a minute or two more found me established at the card-table, with Miss Coles for my partner.

I now examined that young lady more closely than I had done before. It cost me no prolonged scrutiny to satisfy myself that her beauty was even greater than I had at first supposed. She was certainly under twenty. But while her appearance and manner were entirely girlish, there rested upon her soft gray eyes an indescribable expression of melancholy; and her generally downcast countenance often wore a singularly absent and pre-occupied air.

As the game went on I discovered that success was not likely to attend my partner and myself. On scarcely any occasion did Miss Coles return my lead; and she repeatedly trumped cards of mine, which, by a moment's reflection, she might have perceived would suffice to secure the tricks. However, the stakes were *nil*. Moreover, the young lady opposite me was so fascinating, that her blunders interested rather than annoyed me.

After a while the doctor was called down stairs to a patient, and it rested with me, therefore, to sustain a conversation.

This was difficult, and my success was limited. The doctor's absence was prolonged, and my position became embarrassing. Music, however, presently came to my assistance. At my request Miss Coles went to the pianoforte and seated herself at the instrument. She sang a beautiful "Lied," by Mendelssohn, accompanying herself with the greatest precision and taste.

This paved the way to something like continuous talk between the young lady and myself. Her intelligence and refinement now manifested themselves plainly. I could not but remark, however, that it was only while I spoke of matters belonging, as it were, to all intelligent persons alike, that she was at her ease. Any allusion on my part, however accidental and remote, to her own attainments and tastes, seemed to close her lips immediately, and to throw around her again the veil of strange and impregnable reserve, which it had been so difficult to deal with at first. I did not, consequently, make much way; but I felt that I was impressed myself.

The doctor did not return till we had been summoned down stairs to supper. He apologised, as he seated himself at the head of the table, for his long absence; and went on to explain that a patient—a personal friend of his—was laboring under a malady of a most serious character; that he had been watching him since he left us with the greatest anxiety; and that he might probably be sent for to him again shortly.

I remarked that medical men must find it difficult to shake off in their own homes distressing remembrances of the sorrowful scenes at which their professional duties were continually demanding their presence.

"My dear sir," answered the doctor, as he mixed himself a comfortable glass of toddy, "you are right. It is difficult, but it is not impossible. Our own health and the happiness of our friends demand that we should make the effort to be cheerful. We make it, and we succeed. I am rarely weighed down for any length of time by what I witness as a professional man."

This I could easily believe. On the present occasion the doctor's spirits appeared to be positively raised; and they certainly did not decline after the toddy had been disposed of.

"A most ladylike creature," said my host, shaking his head ominously when Miss Coles had retired. "A most ladylike and charming creature. But——" he added, tapping his forehead.

I was annoyed; for I did not believe he had any ground for entertaining such a view as this implied of Miss Cole's mental condition. But I made no reply, and shortly afterwards rose and left the room.

No, I did not like the doctor, and, further, I felt satisfied that he did not like me; and, in spite of all his outward civility, he had told me, in some wordless and inexplicable but yet unmistakable manner, that he did not want me in his house.

As I fell asleep I fancied (possibly with reference to my musical converse with Miss Coles) that I was the key-note in D major. Mr. Duncome was the dominant, Miss Coles the major third above me, while the doctor and his patient broke in upon our harmony dissonantly, being represented by clashing accidentals.

And these musical fancies were but the prelude to dreams still more extraordinary, which, however, it is not necessary to relate.

CHAPTER II.

It is impossible for me to describe the sensations which I experienced on waking. For anything I knew to the contrary I was still reclining on the bed upon which I had fallen asleep. There I ought to have been. There, of course, I expected to find myself. There, however, I certainly was *not*. I was sitting, not lying down; and I seemed to be located in some room far larger than that in which I had last resigned my waking consciousness. Whether I was myself or some other person; whether it was here or hereafter, were questions which for a while I felt myself wholly unable to solve. The utter confusion of my ideas, combined with a sense of great bodily discomfort, awakened within me a feeling amounting to terror. Surely I must have lost my senses, or I should be able to comprehend my position and circumstances! I involuntarily clutched with all my might the nearest object I could lay hold of, in the unconscious endeavor to assure myself that I still owned a material frame, and had not yet taken my departure from the physical world.

The act seemed to arouse my reasoning powers. It gradually became clear to me that I had been walking in my sleep. I now remembered once in my life before having done the same thing. A little further reflection showed me that I had found my way down stairs to the dining-room, where, in almost perfect darkness and in sleeping garb, I was now seated!

Persons who have never experienced such an awakening can have no conception of the horrors of it. My first impulse, of course, was to return to my room. An overwhelming sense of the extreme awkwardness and absurdity of my situation impelled me to make for it with all stealthy speed. How unutterably embarrassing to be discovered by any inmate of the house in my present position! How provoking that this should have occurred during absence from home; that this uncanny somnambulism should have visited me under circumstances the most inconvenient!

A small gas jet was burning in the hall. The doctor was of course often called up at night, and this was left alight for his convenience. By the help of the dim flame I could see that the hands of the clock above pointed to the hour of two. With eager nervousness I crossed the cold stone floor of the hall, and began to feel my way up the stairs.

At this moment, however, I heard a creaking noise above, and saw a light, clearly that of a candle carried by some person coming down the stairs. What was I to do? The object most desirable of attainment at the moment seemed to be concealment. I precipitately fled back to the dining-room; and remembering that double doors opened from that chamber into the study or private room, wherein the doctor, as he had told me, received his patients, I silently unclosed the first door (a solid one) and took up my miserable position between that and the second, (which was partly of glass, and curtained,) ignominiously crouching down to avoid detection from the study.

At no moment of my existence had I ever before been in such a predicament as now; and yet so unspeakably ridiculous was my position that I could scarcely restrain my laughter. The only consideration which afforded me the slightest consolation was this—somehow or other, in a short space of time, the terrible suspense would be at an end.

The light appeared in the study. I raised myself, and found that the curtain was so disposed that I could see into the room without any danger of being observed myself. The doctor had entered and was seated at the table, apparently lost in thought.

If his face had displeased me before, it now produced within me a feeling of absolute horror. The suavity of expression which had previously somewhat disguised the badness of the countenance was now wholly wanting. The mouth was set in hard, cruel compression. The piercing gray eyes shone with a peculiar sharp brightness. The brows were lowering, and every feature twitched with nervous excitement.

My attention, in fact, was wholly drawn away from my own situation. I felt persuaded that the thoughts of the man before me were wicked thoughts. I found myself watching him narrowly, as it were spell-bound, and waiting for positive outward manifestation of the evil whose existence I could not doubt.

After long cogitation the doctor rose, and took from the bookshelves a volume. The movement was so clearly connected with his previous meditations that I particularly noted the position which the book had occupied upon the shelves, intending to inform myself in the morning of its title and contents.

The volume was studied for some time; and as the doctor rose to replace it where he had taken it from, I distinctly heard him utter these words:

"Why the deuce hasn't it told before now?"

The savage whisper in which the sentence was pronounced made my blood run cold. "Heaven!" I thought, "here, sure enough, is the crime I suspected: but how is it possible for me to interfere!"

At this juncture there was a loud, impatient ring at the surgery bell. The sound could have been no unfamiliar one to the doctor even at that hour of night; but the sudden start, almost leap of alarm which he gave upon hearing it, struck me as curiously corroborative of the idea that his mind had been occupied upon no legitimate scheme.

The surgery opened into the study, and the doctor at once obeyed the summons. A minute passed, and then I heard him talking with some person whose tone of voice indicated hurry and consternation. Of what was said, but little that I could distinguish reached my ears. I did, however, catch a name—*Greenan*—and part of an address—*Queen Square*.

I now hastened quietly from my place of concealment, and regained my bedroom without discovery, meeting with no worse mishap on the way than an alarming stumble over my own boots at the bedroom door.

On reaching my bed I slept soundly till morning, when the stir of the London streets, to which, as a countryman, I was not much accustomed, aroused me early.

CHAPTER III.

The morning light modified for the time being my suspicions of the doctor, and my susceptibility with regard to Miss Coles. As I dressed, my main feelings were those of annoyance at the anomalous visitation which I had experienced, and of anxiety to escape anything of the kind in future.

THE VOLUME OPENED AT PAGE 230—HEADED "STRYCHNIA."

I was about to leave my room when Richard, the brisk little button-boy, placed in my hands a note, which ran thus:

"Dear Sir,—It seems strange that I should make the request I am about to make at this early period of our acquaintance. Peculiar circumstances, however, compel me to do so. Will you advance me the sum of £15, of which amount I am in immediate want? I enclose a receipt, and am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"Francis Duncome."

This, I thought, looked queer. The sum was a small one indeed to be "hard up" for. However, I had no particular objection to make the advance, and accordingly took three five-pound notes from my desk, and enclosed them to my host, who, a few minutes afterwards, thanked me below for the accommodation.

No sooner did I find myself in Miss Cole's presence than all my former feelings of admiration for her returned. But her reticence was now even more marked than last night, and her self-contained manner was sufficient to baffle the most sanguine candidate for her notice and favor. She left us immediately after breakfast; and as soon as I was alone with my host and hostess, the former, addressing me, said:—

"My poor friend and patient, of whom I spoke to you last evening, has, I regret to say, breathed his last. Yes," he continued, raising his eyebrows, with an air of philosophic resignation, "the struggle is over, and I have lost one of the best and truest of my friends. At three o'clock this morning he shuffled off this mortal coil. He suffered much, I grieve to say, towards the last."

I merely inclined my head by way of response; but I closely watched the face of the speaker. The drop-scene, so blandly painted, was down now. The hideous disorder which the past night had revealed to me was well hidden. "I don't pretend to understand it," I said to myself; "but, Doctor, I have not forgotten—I shall not forget."

I now went direct to the Royal Academy, where I remained for some hours. My own picture, concerning the possible position of which I had been uneasy, had been hung more favorably than I could have anticipated; but when I first descried it amidst several neighbors of a pre-Raffaellite sort, I must say I felt slightly ashamed of my production.

My next business was to call upon a lady whose portrait I was about to paint. This lady resided during the greater portion of the year in a remote part of the country; and for my convenience, as well as her own, it had been arranged that we should meet during her visit to town, which I knew had already commenced. I had forgotten her address, but, upon reference to my pocket-book, I found it—No. —, Queen Square, Bloomsbury.

To this place I went, not forgetting that I had heard Queen Square mentioned in the night. Having completed my arrangements with Mrs. Cunningham, I talked with her on general subjects. She was disposed to be communicative, and to me she appeared to be in the liveliest spirits. She informed me, however, that she was not herself to-day. I wondered, on being thus enlightened, what further amount of cheerfulness she was accustomed to experience. But she interrupted my speculation by proceeding:—"A dreadful circumstance has occurred in the house next to this, which has quite shaken my nerves."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, interrogatively.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Cunningham. "A wealthy old man of miserly habits has died during the night in the greatest agonies. His room being next to mine I could plainly hear his groans, which were indeed terrific and heart-rending. My landlady has just been giving me his history, which is a curious one. He was of good family, but appears to have lost most of his near relatives in early life. He was placed by his guardians in the office of a mercantile firm, where, by industry and intelligence, he quickly made himself appreciated. He subsequently became a partner, and finally the entire business fell into his hands. By the time he reached the age of fifty he had accumulated a large fortune; but as his riches increased so did his eccentric and miserly habits. So unsociable did his conduct become that he gradually lost all his private friends; and for many years past he has held but little intercourse with the world, except in the way of business. About two years since, however, when he had attained his seventieth year, he conceived a foolish, doting fondness for a young and lovely girl, whose father was his debtor to a large amount, and whom he had accidentally met in some of his interviews with her parent. This girl he formed the silly intention of marrying. The father's pecuniary relation to him served as a lever to move all difficulties out of the way. To save her father from ruin the poor girl sacrificed herself. The result was most lamentable. The loathing of the beautiful and accomplished Lucy for her decrepit and childish bridegroom became heightened daily. Two months after her marriage her father died, and then her twin sister, the last of her near relatives; and unable any longer to endure the old man's eccentricities, she shortly afterwards left him, and, as it is supposed, went abroad, for she has never since been heard of. And now, after falling deeper and deeper into the miserly ways which he had so long followed, the foolish and forsaken old husband has at length died; but in a manner to which, as my landlady privately informs me, she cannot help thinking, some mystery attaches. I am sure," added Mrs. Cunningham, while her cheeks became blanched, "I could imagine that any crime was being perpetrated on the other side of the wall, while I listened from my bed last night to the terrible groans of the dying man."

"What was his name?" I inquired, as soon as the narrative was concluded.

"Greerson," was the reply.

"Allow me to ask, madam," I rejoined, "do you know what has roused your landlady's suspicions as to the cause of death?"

"I do not—precisely. Stories, perhaps, are likely to get about when a known miser dies somewhat unexpectedly. I do not, myself, think much of her surmises; although, as I told you, one could imagine almost anything on listening to such sounds as I heard in the night."

Shortly after this was said I bade Mrs. Cunningham "good day." As soon as I was alone I found my mind oppressed with a terrible burden of painful thoughts. My previous suspicions were now developed into conviction. How ought I to act? The question repeatedly presented itself to my mind, but it was one which I found it impossible to answer.

I hastened on to Wilhelmina street, hoping that I might be able to discover such further facts as might make my course of duty clear. As I entered the house it occurred to me that I had not yet examined the book which Mr. Duncome had been studying on the previous night. Finding that there was no one in the doctor's room, I at once proceeded thither. I remembered that the volume consulted had been the third from the left-hand end of the topmost shelf. With some agitation I now drew it from its place and read the title page, as follows: "The action of alkaline poisons upon the organs of the human body. By George Darell Smythe, M. D., F. R. S." But I had hardly taken the book in my hands when, almost of its own accord it fell open at page 230, which, as I quickly saw, was headed "Strychnia."

The work was apparently a scientific and elaborate one. It pointed out, in copious detail, the various uses, in medicine, of the substances of which it treated, and the applicability of those substances as remedies to the exigencies of the human body under different shades of disease. It also described with minuteness the effects of the particular class of poisons upon the organs of the healthy subject.

I turned the leaves and read a passage here and there, till at length I closed the book once more, and allowed it a second time to fall open of its own accord, when it again revealed the page—230.

I now read again. Scarcely had I begun to do so when I heard a slight noise at my side, and, turning, saw the doctor looking over my shoulder.

"Excuse me," I said, confusedly, "for examining your library. I don't know whether I am not intruding by coming into your study at all?"

"By no means, my dear sir," answered Mr. Duncome, in accents the suavest. "But what impels you so earnestly to study that work of Dr. Smithe's?"

"Curiosity," I replied, with some emphasis, and turning sharply round to watch the doctor's face.

"Ah—ha! indeed—really!" he exclaimed, avoiding my gaze, and leaving the room immediately.

Fortunately I was not again troubled with somnambulism, although that night I went to bed in some apprehension of its recurrence.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

☞ Latest Parisian gossip says that Eugenie is wearing her skirts quite short, so as to display her boots and tassels, that being the latest Parisian fashion.

☞ During the great inundation of Sheffield, England, a little child in a cradle floated from Sheffield to Mexborough, a distance of four miles, and came into the hands of a clergyman's wife, who has adopted it as a Providential waif, its parents having probably been drowned.

☞ An English savan argues that a "day in the moon" equals fourteen of our days. It begins with a slow sunshine, followed by a brilliant sunshine and intense heat, (about 212 degrees Fahr.;) the sky is intensely black, (there being no atmosphere like ours, to which blue sky is due;) the stars are visible and the horizon is limited; there is dead silence; the cold in the intensely black shadow is very great; and there is no aerial perspective. Thus the moon is no place for man, or any animals or vegetables that we know of. The "night of the moon" (fourteen of our days) begins with a slow sunset, which is followed by intense cold, (about 334 degrees below zero.)

☞ Mr. Charles Sealsfield, the American author and popular novel writer, died, at an advanced age on the 26th of May, at Soloshurn, in Switzerland. Sealsfield, whose works are written in German, was for a certain time, in his branch, the "Great Unknown" of German literature, owing to the mystery with which he knew how to surround the authorship of his books. He had made himself a fortune with his pen, and had settled for about twenty years in Switzerland.

☞ King Charles II. once said to John Milton: "Do you not think your blindness is a judgment upon you for having written in defence of my father's murder?" "Sir," answered the poet, "it is true I have lost my eyes; but if all calamitous providences are to be considered as judgments, your majesty should remember that your royal father lost his head."

☞ One night during the past week a rebel officer attempted to escape from the camp at Point Lookout in rather a singular manner. The officers being allowed during the day to go out on the beach on the bay shore, and he, seeing an opportunity, managed, unseen by the guard, to bury himself in the sand, so that only his face remained above the ground, and it out of sight. When the camp gates were closed at night he was not discovered, and, after dark, crawled to the bay and swam and waded until outside the stockade. He took the main road for Leonardtown, but he was met, and that rather suddenly, by some Union cavalry pickets, and captured and brought back to his old quarters again.

☞ Some funny fellows in New Orleans the other day armed a cushion with a masked battery of upright pins, and induced a young man to sit down on it, pressing him while he cried with pain, to keep his seat. For this playful and amusing act the chief of the conspirators paid $75, the others $25.

☞ Garibaldi is an old German name, and means "bold in war." There was a Duke Garibaldi in Bavaria in the sixth century, and the name was known in Lombardy in the eighth.

☞ How can a man raise the wind in these days, when even palm-leaf fans are subject to a duty of two cents each?

☞ A Georgia editor accuses one of his contemporaries of "dyeing his hair and trying to renovate his carcass so as to get some female into the embrace of his rattling bones."

☞ From observations made in Havana, it appears that the number of shooting stars in the northern hemisphere is double that in the southern. In the northern the largest number fall between one and two o'clock; in the southern, between two and three.

☞ Leaping.—If the foot-marks of a good horse that has galloped over turf be measured, it will be found that in every stride his four feet have covered a space of twenty-two feet. If in cold blood he be very gently cantered at a common sheep-hurdle, without any ditch on one side of it or the other, it will be found that he has cleared, or rather has not been able to help clearing from ten to twelve feet. In Egypt, an antelope chased by hounds, on coming suddenly to a little crack or crevice in the ground, caused by the heat of the sun, has been observed at a bound to clear thirty feet: and yet, on approaching a high wall the same animal slackens his pace, stops for a second, and then pops over it. —*The Horse and His Rider.*

☞ Most persons ascribe their adversity to Heaven, but their prosperity to their own prudence.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1864.

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MONEY MATTERS.

The recent rise in the apparent value of gold, and consequent increase in the prices of many commodities, affecting as the latter does the immediate interests of every purchaser, render the money question at the present time one of peculiar importance. And as it is very needful that correct views should prevail upon this matter, let us see if we cannot do something towards elucidating it.

We stated in last week's paper, that the value of gold, as compared with that of notes, was affected by three principal causes. 1. The aspect of the War. 2. The amount of paper money put in circulation. 3. The excess of our imports over our exports, which affects the demand for gold.

Now during the last year we have imported about $50,000,000 more than we have exported—and, the amount of paper money in circulation also having been largely increased, while the successes of our armies have not been of a decisive character, we see the natural result in the decrease of the relative value of our paper currency as compared with the general standards of all nations, the precious metals.

It is evident that this depreciation of the paper currency cannot go on, without the most lamentable results. It is raising prices so that the expenses of the war are doubled and trebled. And the final result would be, if the depreciation were not arrested, to make paper money utterly worthless, so that it would no longer serve the purposes of a currency at all. Thus bringing the country perforce to specie and specie prices. Besides, the currency thus depreciated, would run great risk of being repudiated by some future administration.

But how is the evil to be remedied? Evidently by victories in the field, by heavy taxation, by raising the tariff and thus restricting importations, and by lessening the volume of the currency. If we cannot do all four, by using such of these means as are in our power.

Under the advice of the Secretary of the Treasury, the tariff has been increased and the taxes made heavier. Gold still continuing to rise, however, it is said that Mr. Chase is lessening the volume of the paper currency as much as he can. It is also said that if he is able he will make a loan in Europe, payable of course in gold, and by selling exchange based upon it lessen the demand for gold.

But some may say, what will it avail that the amount of greenbacks is lessened, if the banks can fill the vacuum with their notes? We answer that, although specie payments are suspended, every state bank is bound to redeem its notes, upon demand, in greenbacks, which are now the legal tender. Consequently, if any state bank begins putting out too many notes, it will be apt to have them returned upon it, and greenbacks demanded in exchange. A bank thus may now be checked or broken, even during the suspension of specie payments.

That Mr. Chase's movements to restrict the greenback currency are beginning to tell, we judge from recent strictures we have heard upon his course, from some of those who have heretofore warmly commended him. Poor Mr. Chase! we cannot help sympathizing with him, when he is denounced for not working impossibilities.

In our opinion, the finances of the country have been managed by Mr. Chase on principles essentially unsound, but, nevertheless, practically the best, if not the only ones that could be adopted. Sound principles would have dictated heavy taxation from the first, and effecting the necessary loans to carry on the war by going into the money-markets of the world, and getting the money at the best rates possible. But the opening of the war, so formidable was the character of the rebellion, depressed all trade and business, and ruined our credit in the great money-markets. The people neither could nor would bear the necessary taxation—the capitalists would not lend their money. The war, in one word, could not go on, on sound financial principles.

What then? We did what our forefathers did, what revolutionary France did, what the Rebel Confederation has done—put out government notes. In the doing of this, and in popularizing the accompanying domestic loans, Mr. Chase certainly manifested great shrewdness. He did well the only thing that it seemed possible to do.

Nobody thought the war would last three years. If the war had lasted only three years, Mr. Chase would have tided and pontooned the vessel of state over the financial rocks.

But the misfortune of a false system is, that it will last only for a brief period. You may keep up your failing strength for a while with alcoholic stimulants, but you do so only by drawing upon your reserved power—ultimately the exhaustion must be greater in consequence of the unnatural stimulation.

"But go on giving greater and greater quantities of liquor," say, in effect, many bankers and brokers, and speculators in general. "It will not do," replies Mr. Chase, "it will only make matters worse. Stimulation beyond a certain point is only delirium-tremens, and death."

But great and wise will that financier be thought who expands the currency, and raises the apparent value of every man's commodities; and foolish and weak he who contracts the currency, or will no longer inflate it, and thus lessens the apparent value of every man's goods, and stocks, and merchandise.

But shall Mr. Chase go on until our greenbacks are as worthless as continental money or the confederate trash?

When the value of paper money become so depreciated that two dollars in paper would only buy one in gold, it was full time that the most strenuous efforts should be made to arrest the depreciation.

Now while we do not deny that speculators for a rise in gold may do something, we have little faith in the notion that they are able permanently to affect the value of that or any other leading commodity. If the amount of greenbacks in circulation was reduced one-half, not all the speculators in the country could maintain gold at its present prices. You may dam up a little stream, you cannot dam up the Delaware—at least not more than a few feet in height. It will either overflow its banks, or break through your puny obstructions.

But what could be more unnatural than the apparent prosperity of the North during the last two years? Hundreds of thousands of producers withdrawn from production, and employed only in wasting—the nation incurring daily two millions of debt—and yet the North apparently never more prosperous and wealthy, certainly never more extravagant?

Could such a state of things go on forever? Must not settling-day come some time—and the more serious the longer it is deferred? Is it not about time that we had stopped our wild dance (shall we say of death?), sent home the pipers and the jewelers and the confectioners, turned aside from the gambling counters, commenced the settlement of the heavy claims of the war, and resolved to live more soberly, wisely and economically for the future?

——We had just finished the above, and handed it to the compositors, when the resignation of Mr. Chase was announced by the telegraph. We need scarcely say that we deeply regret this resignation. We are mortified that such essentially little matters as the Blair dispute, and the appointment in New York, should at such an anxious and momentous period as this, be allowed to cause a difficulty between such high officials as the President and Mr. Chase.

Of course the position of Secretary of the Treasury, at present, is no sinecure. We can easily conceive that Mr. Chase should not desire to retain it. If the war is not soon concluded, the financial difficulties now looming before us, may well appal the wisest head and stoutest heart.

The appointment of Mr. Tod gave no satisfaction to the country; but that of Senator Fessenden promises much better. Fessenden is generally recognized as a man of solid ability, and one who has given much reflection to financial subjects.

Whoever may be Secretary of the Treasury—one thing must be kept steadily in view: The further depreciation of the United States currency must not only be arrested, but that currency must be brought within hailing distance, at least, of gold. To do this, if necessary, greenbacks must be withdrawn from circulation to the amount of two hundred millions. If the necessary taxation is provided for, loans can be made to a sufficient extent to accomplish this, and yet carry on the war for two or three years longer. This year, if we are not mistaken, is the extent of the rebel tether—that is, if they win no great victory. Two or three years more is probably the extent of our tether, short of such a chaotic state of things as now prevails in the South. But if we would continue to have the benefits of a paper currency at all—and not be compelled to come down to simple gold and silver—we must prevent the continual depreciation of that currency. We must submit to a certain degree of stringency in the money market now, in order to avoid an infinitely greater stringency which is rapidly bearing down upon us.

Not Bad.—Our neighbors of the Philadelphia *Press* said a good thing the other day in their financial column. Here it is:

"Gold is unsettled, and it would be asking too much of us to give a quotation that reliance could be placed in. We give below the quotations of two of our most prominent banking houses, as sent to us for publication. One, it will be seen, quotes gold at 223a225, and the other at 238a240. To those desirous of making a profitable speculation, we would suggest the propriety of purchasing gold from Mr. Jay Cooke, and selling it at once to Mr. Drexel."

Quaker Meeting.

[The *Springfield Republican* writes as follows of a visit to a Quaker meeting. As we probably have a number of readers who belong to the society of "Friends," we quote it, believing they will be a good deal more amused than indignant with it:]

The room was high, square and unpainted; furnished with wooden benches. This was all, except a stove which might have come over in that capacious vessel, the Mayflower, had such inventions of the enemy been known to our forefathers. Those benches I never, never shall forget; I can truly say they impressed me deeply. Made of the hardest of all hard wood, without even one mitigating coat of paint, so narrow and slippery that one could not slide forward into the graceful posture usually assumed by church goers, but must perforce strain every nerve to sit bolt upright and keep on the seat, with a little slat for back contrived to rasp the shoulder blades to the last degree of human endurance, they were evidently designed to mortify the flesh and promote meditation. The room had that dreary, old-fashioned sort of a smell peculiar to rooms kept closed most of the time. Not one visible speck of dirt contaminated the floor; not a fly broke the profound silence by his buzzing. My first feeling, somewhat increased perhaps by the dismal howling of a March wind, was one of home-sickness.

Gradually, by twos and threes, the Friends began to drop in; no, nothing so violent as to drop, but to glide in, ghostlike and noiselessly. As the odd figures in all shades of drab and gray moved quietly past, sank silently on the seat and sat there motionless, I felt constrained to pinch myself to ascertain if I were still in this world. "Are these real live women, endowed with hearts, headaches, nerves, and 'feelings' like the rest of us; if so, why don't they settle their bonnet strings, adjust the folds of their dresses, smooth their hair, tighten their gloves, loosen their shawls, fan themselves, cast an occasional glance at the broadbrim side of the house, and in short, conduct themselves like ordinary feminity, instead of sitting in that rigid, statue-like manner, with their 'eyes looking right on, and eyelids straight before them?' No, they are ghosts, dim phantoms from the twilight land of shadows, who will vanish into thin air at the first crow of the chanticleer." Thus communed I with my own spirit.

One thing, however, convinced me I was still in the land of the actual. On the masculine side of the house, I noticed several young gentlemen whose moustaches and general attire indicated them most decidedly of the world's people. These gay deceivers sat with their hats on, preserving a solemnity of countenance fairly out-Heroding Herod, making even the broadest of the broadbrims seem a light and trivial fellow in comparison. This phenomenon was easily accounted for by the presence of several lovely and wealthy young Quakeresses. Quaker papas being proverbially hard hearted towards young men of the world, the motives of these wolves in sheep's clothing may be easily divined. The only excuse for such barefaced hypocrisy was the fact of the aggravating prettiness of the Quakeresses in question. They could not have desired a more becoming dress had they been the most arrant coquettes. Fancy a soft brown silk expanded by a hoop of modest dimensions, above this a black cloak nicely fitted to the graceful form, still above this a cottage hat of shirred silk of the same soft, rich brown, out of which looks a fresh, girlish face, innocent brown eyes to match the dress—and then deliberate ere you cast the first stone at our erring Friends.

For a while, the very novelty of the scene kept me from weariness. Besides, I was every moment expecting the spirit to move. Did a brother utter a subdued "Ho-em!" I instantly expected to see him rise and speak. Did a sister meekly wipe the nasal organ? (I observe *noses* are becoming obsolete) I thought to hear strains of eloquence from her. But as time wore on, and the deathly silence was still unbroken, dread sensations began to overwhelm me. I tried to fancy myself a Quaker, to view their method of worship from their own standpoint, to meditate on profitable subjects, but in vain. I fear the adversary that day made me his victim. Though the peculiar nature of the seats had begun to manifest itself by a cramp in my side, an ache in my back, and a numbness in my limbs, yet I dared not ease my agonies by varying my posture. So profound was the silence, that the slightest noise would have had the effect of a clap of thunder. The only relief I found was in swallowing incessantly, but soon I began to fancy that this made a sepulchral rattling, distinctly audible throughout the room. Then came reactionary impulses. Wild thoughts shot through my mind. As a person looking down from a great height sometimes feels an almost irresistible desire, from the very horror of the thing, to throw himself over, so I felt a sudden desire to rise, throw my bonnet at the head of the presiding elder, and give vent to my feelings in a scream. The more I struggled against this wicked impulse, the more fascinating did it become. I wondered what punishment would be considered worthy such a crime, and whether the astonished roof would fall on my sacrilegious head. Happily I was spared the solution of these doubts. The presiding elder (if that be his title—at least the man with the broadest-brimmed hat and most geometrical coat-tails) gave his right hand to the very plain-looking sister at his side, and lo! the spell was dissolved, and meeting was over without a word. Dreamily I sauntered forth. Years seemed to have elapsed since last I saw the outer world. People in the streets looked strangely to me, and the sound of a human voice was startling. As for smiling, I did not venture upon that till many blocks lay between me and that enchanted ground, the Quaker Meeting-house.

☞ Two men and a boy are going to sail from New York for England, in a little boat, brig-rigged, only fifteen feet long, and one and three-quarters tons register. This is the smallest vessel that ever essayed to cross the Atlantic, and it is expected the voyage will take six weeks.

☞ It may not be known to those who are not accustomed to meet with old books in their original bindings, or of seeing public libraries of antiquity, that the volumes were formerly placed on the shelves with the leaves, not the back, in front; and that the two sides of the binding were joined together with neat silk or other strings, and in some instances, where the books were of greater value and curiosity than common, even fastened with gold or silver chains.

☞ A machine in Paris prints one hundred *cartes-de-visites* a minute.

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We give additional extracts from Mrs. Holstein's diary, believing that her recent tour through portions of our state on behalf of the Sanitary Commission will make it interesting to our readers, as showing the work the Relief Corps is doing in the army.

WHITE-HOUSE, VIRGINIA,
June 4th.

Continued fighting, and the wounded being sent in in large numbers. Mr. H. and I., with others of Relief Corps up nearly all night, feeding the long trains of wounded just arrived; made 1 cauldron of farina, 2 buckets milk punch, several gallons of tea, which, with crackers, was carried around by the Corps.

5th of June.—A very busy day; many trains of wounded have arrived, requiring all that we can do for them. Wm. Schell came from the front, bringing the body of his brother the Colonel, who fell dead, shot through the neck. The body was embalmed here, and with Gen. Dana's consent, he accompanied the body home.

6th of June.—Kept a record of amount of food prepared in our kitchen during the day, which was given to Dr. Parrish and Mr. Williams; busy as possible in the tents and on the ground. Dr. Cornish brought another train of wounded—we now number over 5,000, which are sent off as rapidly as transportation can be furnished. To my other duties, I add the dressing of such wounds as I think are not too serious—where men lie on the ground in the sun by hundreds, no *one* can avoid doing what she can to relieve their sufferings. Heavy thunder storm; and heavy cannonading plainly heard during the night.

7th of June.—Work goes on day and night, with little variation; in every train coming in from the front, are found some, who, weary of life, have gone to rest, without the kind words and tender ministrations which we at home love to lavish upon those who we know are entering the "dark valley." One instance among many—one of our party, while distributing the eatables at night, noticed a corporal's arm resting over the end of the wagon, and handed up to him a cup of punch, but finding another hand stretched out for it, called "that it is for the corporal." The answer came, "he had been dead for hours." Many must of necessity be buried at once, by the roadside, or where it may chance to be; but if possible the bodies are brought here, and interred in our little Cemetery, where now rest over 150 of our noble dead, making this desolate land truly "sacred soil." Near our Cemetery is the burying ground of the Peninsula campaign. The graves remain as they were left, two years ago, some few of the inscriptions still legible. I only noticed the grave of one officer, "Maj. D. H. Van Valkenburg, 1st N. Y. Artillery; killed 31st of May, 1862." The inscription on a head-board, at the grave of a Sergeant, was recut by a comrade on the second anniversary of his death.

8th of June.—The same record, busy as ever. In the train of wounded brought in by Dr. Cornish, was a man of the 2d Corps, who had lain for five days between the breastworks of the two armies without any care or food—more than the little left in his knapsack; one leg was amputated there, and the other dressed, and the man sent to this place, from here to Washington. Will recover, the doctor thinks.

11th of June.—Many wounded sent away; some few brought back through the hot sun. To-day we are comparatively idle. Had a grand dinner for our poor fellows. A train of 200 wounded brought in this evening.

12th of June.—Packing up ready to move. Sanitary Commission tent and kitchen removed. All the 2d Corps relief agents dined with us. Fed 1,000 soldiers to-day. Many officers worn out and weary, as well as the men.

13th of June.—Almost as busy as ever. Fed 500 at breakfast. Gen. Owen and Aid called. At dinner not quite as many to provide for. Packing and unpacking. Sent all we could spare on Sanitary Commission barge; preparing rations for the trip.

14th of June.—Most of the wounded hurried off to-day. All that can in any way hobble to the wharf do so. All is confusion; taking down tents, and generally preparing for a sudden move. A few sick and wounded still remain. Guerillas near us. Two of our soldiers, who went beyond our picket lines, were caught, stripped of their clothing, and sent back to camp. There is no use attempting to forage beyond the pickets, though the temptation is strong to do so.

17th of June.—On the James River. Anchored, with the rest of the fleet, at Fort Powhattan. From here we can see the army moving to the pontoon bridge. Two corps and the supply train have crossed. Pontoons taken up this evening, and we move above Wilson's Landing.

18th of June.—Move on up the James River; pass Harrison's Landing and other noted points, and at 9 A. M. anchored at City Point; landed at one o'clock; town filled with wounded. In the evening walk two miles through the dust, out to our hospital ground, which is on the bank of the Appomatox; heavy firing. Some of our party called to see Gen. Grant.

19th of June.—Prisoners passing, and wounded coming in from front. They report Petersburg taken. Heavy firing still plainly heard on our boat. I should have remarked, under date of 17th, that we had with us on the boat, all the way from White House to Fort Powhattan, two most noted scouts of our army, Captain Kline and a Sergeant. They had been very near Richmond, and were pursued by the rebs within half a mile of our lines. Were landed by Dr. Burmeister, to make their way to Gen. Grant; were very prudent and reserved in their remarks; were unnoticed until they asked to be put ashore.

Work, work—day and night—and such work, as at home we would have thought impossible.

One of our principal surgeons remarked that General Grant said he expected we would remain in this location about one month.

Rapidly pitching tents—will soon have them filled. A. M. H.

The Closing Scene of the Great Central Fair.,

One of the grandest spectacles it has ever been our good fortune to witness was presented at the Fair buildings last night. The closing ceremonies were announced to take place at 9 o'clock, and at that hour Union Avenue presented the appearance of a vast area swarming with human beings. The long lines of gas-lights, the thousands of flags, the mingled trophies of war and emblems of humanity, with which the noble hall was decorated, the splendid wares distributed so plentifully around, the strains of music, and last, though not least, the grand sweep of the beautiful nave itself, made up a scene not witnessed once in a century, and which will be a life-long recollection to all who were privileged to be present.

At the hour named above, a procession composed of the Right Rev. Bishop Potter, the members of the Executive Committee, and other gentlemen who have been active in the good work, moved up the avenue preceded by and flanked by policemen, and accompanied by a band of music which played a national air. The gentlemen composing the procession walked uncovered, and as they passed along through the dense crowd flags and handkerchiefs were waved, and enthusiastic cheers were given. The persons in the procession ascended to the Music Gallery at the west end of the avenue, and when quiet was obtained prayer was offered by Bishop Potter.

The prayer was followed by the singing of the doxology commencing with

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"

in which the people joined and which was sung with great effect. This was followed by a brief speech by John Welsh, Esq., Chairman of the Executive Committee, who was greeted with enthusiastic cheers when he came forward.

The Star Spangled Banner was then sung by the people, accompanied by Carl Sentz's band, and the noble anthem was never sung by a more enthusiastic multitude, upon a more touching occasion, or in a grander hall than last night. We saw the tears roll down the cheeks of strong men as they shouted out in verse their devotion to the dear old flag that domestic traitors have insulted and attempted to degrade. At the close of the singing of the Star Spangled Banner a voice in the crowd called for Yankee Doodle; the band immediately struck up that air, and such a scene of enthusiasm as followed, is beyond description. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, the men threw up their hats and shouted, and flags were waved in every direction.—*Evening Bulletin.*

DONATIONS.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies, since the last report:—

Aid Society, Dushore, Sullivan co., 1 box, 1 keg, Mrs. Lathrop; Aid Society, Russellville, Chester co., 1 box, 27th of May, 1 box, 2d June, (not previously acknowledged.)

Soldiers' Aid, Hughesville, Lycoming co., Miss Emma Biddle, Sec'y, 2 keg, 1 box; Sanitary Society, New Paris, Bedford co., 1 keg; Miss R. B. B. Tipton, Blair co., 1 box; Miss Hutchinson, 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna co., Miss P. C. Blackman, Sec'y, No 61, for the Freedmen; Soldiers' Aid, Exeter, Luzerne co., Miss Jenny O. Sutton, Sec'y, 2 bbls., 1 box; Mrs. Petherick, Pottsville, Schuylkill co., 1 pkg.; Central Fair, 13 boxes, 1 pkg; Mrs. Wilcox, 1704 Pine st., 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid, South Auburn, Susquehanna co., Mrs. E. M. Taylor, Sec'y, 1 box, 1 keg; Soldiers' Aid, Covington, Tioga co., Miss Fannie A. Dyer, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Northumberland, Northumberland co., Mrs. A. P. Taggart, Sec'y, 1 box; Aid Society, Picture Rocks, Lycoming co., Mrs. A. R. Sprout, Pres't, 1 box; Aid Society, Dimock, Susquehanna co., Miss Woodruff, Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. H. P. Taylor, 618 North 10th st., 1 pkg; Mrs. A. Russell, Pottsville, through Mrs. Taylor, 2 pkgs.; Miss M. P. Russell, Pottsville, through Mrs Taylor, 1 pkg; Soldiers' Aid, Rush, Susquehanna co., 1 box, 2 kegs; Ladies' Aid, Reading, Berks county, Miss Clara C. Grus, Sec'y, 4 boxes, 4 gallons apple-butter; unknown (expressed from Tioga co.,) 1 box; unknown (expressed from Montrose village,) 1 box; Miss M. Lattie, Eagle Mere, Sullivan co., 1 box; Aid Society, West Whiteland, Chester co., 1 pkg.; Mrs. Griffith, 1 pkg.; Aid Society, Lebanon, Lebanon co., Jessie D. Roedel, Sec'y, 9 bus potatoes.

NEW JERSEY.

Soldiers' Aid, Lumberton, Burlington co., S. W. Doughton, Sec'y, 1 box, 1 bbl.; the Misses Stevens, Princeton, 2 bbls.; New Egypt and Jacobstown, Ocean co., Miss Fidelia A. Platt, Sec'y, 1 box.

☞ ORIGIN OF BOOTS AND SHOES.—Boots are said to have been invented by the Carians. They were at first made of leather, afterwards of brass and iron, and were proof against both cut and thrust. It was from this that Homer called the Greeks brazen-footed. Formerly, in France, a great foot was much esteemed, and the length of the shoe in the fourteenth century was a mark of distinction. The shoes of a prince were two feet and a half long; those of a baron two feet; those of a knight eighteen inches long.

☞ A terrible drought prevails in Texas and in Louisiana. The prairies are so baked and so cracked into fissures that horseback travel is dangerous and wheels impossible. Cattle are dying in great numbers because the springs, creeks, bayous and rivers are dried. A recent traveller by the gulf coast says that he passed thousands of carcasses of cattle which had come to the sea shore and drank salt water until they died.

☞ REMEMBER.—Pack your cares in as small a space as you can, so that you can carry them yourself and not let them annoy others.

☞ Dew is an invisible vapor, which, chilled by the cool surfaces of the flowers, bursts into tears over the beauty that must fade.

☞ The poet, if questioned harshly as to his uses, might be unable to render a better apology for his existence than a flower might.

☞ Manly spirit, as it is generally called, is often little else than the froth and foam of hard-mouthed insolence.

☞ People say, they shell peas, when they unshell them; that they husk corn when they unhusk it; that they dust the furniture, when they undust it, or take the dust from it; that they skin a calf, when they unskin it; and that they scale fishes, when they unscale them. I have heard many men say they were going to weed their gardens, when I thought their gardens were weedy enough already.

☞ RATE OF SPEED.—The ordinary rate of speed per second is as follows:—Of a man walking, 6 feet; of a good horse in harness, 12 feet; of a good sailing ship, 18 feet; of a reindeer in a sled on the ice, 24 feet; of a race horse, 72 feet; of a hare, locomotive or hurricane, 84 feet; of a sound, 1,092 feet; of a cannon ball, 1,344 feet; of the earth's rotation at the equator, 1,521 feet; of the earth's velocity in its orbit, 92,132 feet—19 miles.

☞ AN AGED PONY.—The London Field announces the death of "the well-known veteran pony belonging to Mr. Dampier, at the extraordinary age of sixty years."

Human Life.

M. Robbin, an eminent French chemist, in a paper recently presented to the French Academy, gives a prescription for lengthening human life, the efficacy of which he argues very learnedly. He says that "the mineral matter which constitutes an ingredient in most of our food, after the combustion, is left in our systems to incrust and stiffen the different parts of the body, and to render imperfect many of the vital processes. He compares human beings to furnaces which are always kindled; life exists only in combustion, but the combustion which occurs in our bodies, like that which takes place in our chimneys, leaves a detritus or residue which is fatal to life. To remove this, he would administer lactic acid with ordinary food. This acid is known to possess the power of removing or dissolving the incrustations which form on the arteries, cartilages and valves of the heart. As buttermilk abounds in this acid, and is, moreover, an agreeable kind of food, its habitual use, it is urged, will free the system from these causes, which inevitably cause death between the seventy-fifth and one hundredth year." Doubtless Methuselch lived largely upon buttermilk. At least, we do not remember that we have ever seen it doubted.

HOW PRICES ARE INCREASING.—Coal advanced $1.33 per ton in New York on Wednesday; flour from 50 cents to $1 per bbl.; wheat, 10 a 15 cents per bushel; pork, $1a$2 per bbl. Sugar has risen five cents a pound since last Saturday. Newspapers in Chicago have increased their price from twenty cents per week to twenty-five, a rise of twenty-five per cent., their expenses, they say, being increased sixty per cent. The Pittsburg journals are talking of again advancing their prices, and the following reasons are given:—

"Paper next week will be eighteen cents per pound. It is *now* seventeen. A few weeks ago it was sixteen, while at the breaking out of the war it was only *eight* cents per pound. Coal, ink, wages, type, rents, oil, and everything, in fact, which enters into the aggregate cost of publication, has increased in proportion. Each bare sheet of white paper now costs a cent and a half, the very price at which it is furnished to some of our carriers. This continuous advance in the price of paper comes *peculiarly* hard on the Chronicle, because it has a very large circulation, and as prices will be, the greater its daily circulation, the greater its daily loss. We have long endured heavy drains on us from all quarters, with the hope that they would be but temporary, but they are, on the contrary, daily growing worse and more numerous. Our readers may, therefore, soon expect that the Chronicle will be either advanced in price or reduced in size—it may be both together. The Pittsburg papers must go up in *some* proportion with their heavy expenses, or else be conducted at a great and ever-increasing loss to publishers."

JOHN MORGAN AND CLAY'S HORSES.—A gentleman from Lexington, Ky., relates an incident relative to John Morgan which is certainly characteristic of him, whether it be true or untrue. After he had stolen the celebrated race-horse, "Skeedaddle," Mr. Clay started in pursuit with two fine animals, worth over $500 each, and overtook the freebooter, and offered him both, together with $600, if he would return the racer.

"These will answer your purpose just as well," said Mr. Clay.

John looked at the horses carefully, and said:—

"Well, Mr. Clay, they will answer my purpose as well as Skeedaddle; and as I am disposed to accommodate you—"

Here Mr. Clay's countenance brightened.

"As I am disposed to accommodate you, I will partly comply with your request."

Mr. Clay was puzzled.

"I will partly comply with your request; I'll take these two horses, but I can't give you the other."

Mr. Clay was completely taken aback; but he was not allowed to get away that easy. The soldiers took the six hundred dollars from him, and he was compelled to leave for home on foot, with his pockets empty.—*Nashville Union.*

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—A girl who worked in the laboratory at the arsenal, where the heart-rending calamity occurred on Friday last, escaped from peril by a singular circumstance. The young lady is usually remarkably taciturn, but on this day she felt an irrepressible desire to talk; and for no reason that she can imagine, her tongue ran on at such a rate that she was reprimanded by the overseer of the room. This did not check the unruly member, and finally he sent her home to get rid of her loquacity. Before she reached her dwelling, the explosion occurred, which sent out of existence a score of those who were at work around her.—*Washington Republican.*

JOSHUA COFFIN, Esq., the historian of Newbury, died suddenly on Thursday night, at the age of seventy-three years. He was a most intelligent and diligent antiquarian, universally honored and esteemed. While preceptor of Hampton Academy, he was the instructor of the late Professor Felton, of Harvard College, and John G. Whittier, both of whom had the warmest affection for their old teacher. Although Mr. C. was more than three score and ten years of age, he was of the sixth generation born in the family mansion where he died.

COAL OIL FOR WOUNDS.—An assistant surgeon writing from Gettysburg says, that what water is to a wound in an inflamed state, coal oil is in a suppurating state—it dispels flies, expels vermin, sweetens the wound, and promotes a healthful granulation. He states that he has seen two patients whose wounds have been dressed with it asleep before he was through with the third. This is a remedy easily applied in our hospitals. If it serves to keep away flies, it will add materially to the comfort of the wounded as well as their cure.

A CIRCULAR has been extensively circulated among the English Wesleyan ministers to the effect that any of them desirous of entering the Established Church may be admitted for that purpose into St. Aidan's College on advantageous terms.

☞ The New York Sun says a little girl of that city, who is bed-ridden, prevailed upon her mother to buy her half a dozen fresh eggs. These she placed in her bed, and for some three weeks kept them constantly warm by the heat of her body. A few mornings since the patience of the child was rewarded by a "clutch" of chickens.

Incidents of the War.

It was an imposing scene! A rebel regiment, their bayonets glistening in the slanting rays of the setting sun, were having a dress parade on the summit of the Kenesaw Mountain. Below were their rifle-pits, and their *comrads d'armes* occupying them.

A courier dashed up; he hands the adjutant a document. It is an order from Johnson, announcing to the troops that Sherman had brought his army so far south that his line of supplies was longer than he could hold; that he was too far from his base—just where their commanding general wished to get him; that a part of their army would hold the railroad, thirty miles north of the Etowah, and that the great railroad bridge at Altoona had been completely destroyed; that in a few days Sherman would be out of supplies, because he could bring no more trains through by the railroad. They were urged to maintain a bold front, and in a few days the Yankees would be forced to retreat. Breathless silence evinces the attention which every word of the order receives, as the adjutant reads. Cheers are about to be given, when hark! loud whistles from Sherman's cars, at Big Shanty, interrupt them. The number of whistles increase. Altoona, Ackworth, and Big Shanty depots resound with them. Supplies have arrived. The effect can easily be imagined. The illustration was so apt—the commentary so appropriate—that it was appreciated at the instant. "Bully for the base of supplies!" "Bully for the long line!" "Three cheers for the big bridge!" "Here's your Yankee cars!" "There's Sherman's rations!" Bedlam was loose along their line for a short time.

There is a tree in front of General Harrow's 4th Division, 15th Army Corps, Sherman's army, which is called the fatal tree. Eight men were shot, one after another, as soon as they advanced to the ill-fated tree to take a secure position behind its huge trunk. Seven men were shot, when a board was placed there with the word "dangerous" chalked upon it. The rebels shot the guide-post into fragments, and a sergeant took his place behind the unsuspecting tree. In less than two minutes two Minie balls pierced the sergeant's body, and he fell, the eighth martyr beneath the shadow of the tree of death.

A correspondent of the Chicago Journal, writing from Sherman's army, says the rebel troops opposed to us are good soldiers and fight well. They are well clothed, well armed, and well fed. They appear to be in good spirits. They are hardly willing to give Sherman credit for ability, and attribute his success to good luck. One old fellow, whom we took prisoner, argued the case very good humoredly, and, to himself, very satisfactorily. He said, "You'uns would never have got we'uns outer them hills, only that Joe Hooker and another reegiment flanked us out." We assured the venerable Butternut that Joe Hooker and that other "reegiment was very apt to do this sort of thing, and the old rebel closed the argument by "Mebbe, mebbe; it does look like you'uns did it a purpose."

The saloon of a Mississippi River steamboat attacked by guerillas presents a scene quite as comic as it is exciting. To those who can at all control their nerves, the ludicrous positively banishes all thoughts of the tragic—to see great big fellows, with and without shoulder straps, sprawl flat behind every conceivable projection of chair or table at the first rattle of musketry, and going through the absurdly impossible process of trying to make pancakes of themselves. Near to my cabin door where I was sitting reading when the alarm commenced, I saw behind the leaves of a table, piled up about two feet high, a United States officer (not one of the 188d) lying flat on his face, on the top of a negro waiter, and on the top of the latter a gaunt, petrified, long-bearded sutler, whose eyes seemed ready to leap from their sockets. Poor fellow! I know he must have felt as relieved as any of us when we safely reached this place at 11 P. M. of the 23d, and saw the myriad lights of the transports and gunboats reflected in the streams and lighting up the bluffs, giving the appearance of a large and imposing city.—*Red River Correspondence.*

I thought her mine; I thought the world
Shone forth with joy for me;
I did not dream in after years
Its folly I should see.

But so it proved. I sought her hand—
(I really thought I'd get her;)
But, oh, alas! her answer came—
"Her mother wouldn't let her!"

☞ If a proud man keeps me at a distance, my comfort is he keeps his distance also.

☞ The faces of soldiers coming out of an engagement, and those of young women going into one, are generally powdered.

☞ An Irishman was indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking raw eggs and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a live chicken. The poor bird chirruped as it went down his throat, and he very coolly said: "Be the powers, my young friend, you spoke too late."

☞ There is a rat eater giving exhibitions near Carlisle, Eng. The man is a tall Kaffir, only wears a head dress and an apron, and eats thirty or forty rats a day, first biting off the heads of the vermin. The police permit these disgusting exhibitions, and the people go to see them.

☞ The Philadelphia Gazette, speaking of a new *prima donna*, says:—"Her voice is as soft as a roll of velvet, and as tender as a pair of slop-shop pantaloons."

☞ A famous musician, who had made his fortune by marriage, being requested to sing in company, "I'ermit me," said he, "to imitate the nightingale, who never sings after he has made his nest."

☞ A Western court has decided that a kiss is a valid consideration, and forced an old bachelor to redeem the promise made to a pretty maiden that he would give her a pony for a kiss. He had tried to crawl out of his bargain.

☞ THE DEAF HEAR THE GOSPEL.—One of our exchanges says: "Pipes to convey the sound of the minister's voice to deaf people in different parts of the house have been introduced into several different churches in New York, and the deaf can hear the preacher as distinctly as though standing by his side. One instance is related of a person who hears with perfect ease at a distance of eighty feet from the pulpit. The arrangement is certainly a very important one for those whose wants it meets."

☞ Hailstones sometimes fall at the rate of one hundred and thirteen feet in a second, and rain at the rate of forty-three feet in a second.

LATEST NEWS.

Gen. Wilson has just made a raid on the Danville and Richmond Railroad. About twenty miles of the road were rendered completely useless, and a locomotive and train of cars was surprised at one station and was destroyed. Near Reams' station the rebels were waiting for Wilson's return, and a fight, which lasted all night and during the morning of the 28th, occurred. The Sixth Corps was sent to the support of Wilson, and was followed by a division of the Second Corps and Collis' provisional brigade.

A small force of rebels appeared on Wednesday near Harper's Ferry, but did not succeed in doing any damage.

Major General Dix and some of his staff were arrested on Friday by the Sheriff of New York. The suppression of the World and Journal of Commerce is believed to have been the cause of arrest.

The steamship Arabia, from Liverpool on the 19th ult., arrived at New York on Friday. On the Dano-German question there was nothing new. Conference met again on the 18th. The British House of Commons has rejected a vote of censure against the government relative to the Ashantee war. Smith O'Brien died on the 17th. An engagement is supposed to have occurred between the pirate Alabama and the United States steamer Kearsarge, as heavy firing had been heard.

☞ IRISH LACE.—A beautiful specimen of the finest Irish lace, value one hundred guineas, has been prepared for presentation to the Princess of Wales, by the ladies of Ireland, in remembrance of the royal marriage.

☞ Talk as you will of the "sovereignty of the white race," there are no sovereigns like yellow ones.

☞ We hear a great deal about the prodigal son. Quite as much might be said about the prodigal father.

☞ PHOTOGRAPHY.—It is confidently anticipated that at no remote period photography will be so far advanced as to be able to give to the eye the various colors of the objects it represents. The colors of the spectrum have been produced on silver plates immersed in a solution of chlorine, but the effect is transitory. Fixation is now the great object of which many eminent operators are in search.

☞ The English have a queer way of pronouncing some words. Thus the Christian name of Cholmondeley is pronounced *Chumley;* and in the same way Wavertree is called *Watry;* St. John is pronounced *Sinjon;* Chichester is known as *Chister;* Gloucester as *Gloster,* and Cirencester as *Cister.*

☞ WHAT A NAME!—One of the Sandwich Island Judges is named Ii—that's the way to spell it—but whether it is pronounced Big I, Little I—or Double I—or Eye-Eye—or My-Eyes—who knows?

☞ PLEASE RING THE BELL.—*Mischievous Boy* (reading the sign)—Please ring the bell. Vy, of course I vill! Anything to oblige a person who speaks so perlitely!

☞ Some one was informing a German of a brewer who had married a young lady related to a peer, when the German remarked, "Ah, yes; a very proper match. Of course a prewer ought to be connected with the beerage."

☞ If you wouldn't be a trouble, don't be troublesome.

☞ HORSE SHOES FOR LUCK.—The Princess Helena, who is just sixteen, is on a visit to Balmoral, and lately found two horse-shoes at Allanquoich Farm, which she insisted on taking home with her, laughingly remarking that it was lucky to find a lost horse-shoe. There is in this the touch of nature that levels all distinctions of rank, and makes the world akin.

☞ Silk articles should not be kept folded in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper will impair the color of the silk.

☞ The latest fashion in Washington, of asking a party what they will take to drink, is, "Please nominate your poison, gentlemen."

☞ Smith asked Jones what the high price of butter was owing to. "A considerable part of it is owing to my grocer," said Jones, "for it is two months since I have paid him."

☞ "How are you, John? I'm deuced glad to see you." "Very well, Charley. Come and take a drink, old fellow. 'Tisn't often we meet." "That's a fact, John—and when we do it's *meet and drink.*".

☞ It is not difficult to account for the courage of the rebels. Being reduced to skin and bone, they can shrink at nothing.

☞ An Irish woman who narrowly escaped being run over near Bennington, Vt., the other day, indignantly asked the engineer why he didn't turn out for her.

☞ A foreigner, who had mixed among many nations, was asked if he had observed any particular quality in our species that might be considered universal. He replied: "Me tink dat all men love lazy."

☞ If your eyes fail you, go to the stock exchange. You can have your choice of specs there.

☞ Marseilles has suddenly become a great cotton market, from the increased cultivation of cotton in Egypt, Turkey and Italy.

☞ Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

☞ The colors now mainly worn, according to Parisian authority (and these only are to be considered *fashionable*)—are blondine, periwinkle, gray, salmon, and imperial green.

☞ There has been some dromedary racing at Marysville, California. Five animals "ran." No watch was slow enough to "time" them, and they did their mile in somewhere about a couple of hours, the winner being that one which stuck his neck out farthest on arriving at the judge's post.

☞ An admirer of dogs, having had a new litter of a fine breed, a friend wished him to put him down for a *puppy!* "I set you down for one a great while ago," was the answer.

☞ Youthful Swell: "Now, Charley, you're just in time for breakfast—have a cup of coffee?" Languid Swell: "Thanks, no! I assure yah—my dear feelah, if I were to take a cup of coffee in the morning it would keep me awake all day."

☞ I call every man intolerant from principle, who conceives no man can be a man of virtue and probity who does not believe exactly what he does, and unmercifully consigns to perdition all those who do not think like himself.

☞ An Irish baronet some time since hit upon a clever idea for self-protection. Being threatened with death for claiming some rents, he called his tenants together and read out his will, leaving his entire property to a Scotchman. He understood his countrymen, and is alive yet.

THE LOVE-CHEAT.

I.

She loved me, she said, and she swore it;
She swore it a thousand times;
She treasured my letters like jewels;
She learned and repeated my rhymes.

II.

And numberless tokens she gave me;
Her kisses were many and sweet;
And I thought her an angel from heaven
While she was but a womanly cheat.

III.

She robbed me of rest and of comfort,
And gave me bright hopes in return
And now, by the fireside lonely,
Her letters I smilingly burn.

IV.

For loud are the marriage-bells pealing;
The priest, too, is blessing the bride;
And she leans on the arm of another,
Who once was my love and my pride.

V.

Ah, well! let her live and be married:
Her letters are burnt, and I see
'Tis better be rid of such tokens,
And keep the heart healthy and free.

J. A. LANGFORD.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Miss Davenal made her dinner deliberately: she never hurried over anything: and went out afterwards on foot, attended by Neal. Sara rightly judged that she was going to the Abbey, but she did not dare to ask. She, Sara, went to the drawing-room, from old custom; shivering as she stepped up the wide staircase: not from cold, but from the loneliness that seemed to pervade the house. She had not got over that sense of strange and nameless dread which the presence of the dead imparts and leaves behind it. The drawing-room was lighted as usual: no alteration had been made in the habits of the house; but as Sara glanced round its space, a nervous superstition began to creep over her. Perhaps the bravest of us have at times experienced such.

How glad she was to hear a footstep passing the door, let those tell who have felt this. Had she been flying from some palpable danger, she could not more hastily have flung it open. Watton was descending from her chamber, a candle and a letter in her hand.

"Do come in for a minute, Watton! The room feels so lonely."

"Ah, Miss Sara, the loneliness is not in the room," was the woman's response, as she entered. "I declare my own chamber up-stairs seems queer to me, and I am of an age to know better. What a change a week sometimes makes in a home! And there'll be changes still! I shall be gone; gone to that bewildering place, London," she added, giving a sort of twitch to the letter she held, as if to indicate that it concerned the matter; "and Jessy, she told me just now that she thought from hints dropped by my mistress that she should have to leave. Do you know, Miss Sara?"

"There will be changes, of course. I don't know what yet."

She spoke in a hasty tone, one not inviting the renewal of the subject. It could only be to her a topic of pain. A short silence, and Watton was preparing to leave the room, when the knock of a visitor was heard.

"Will you see any one to-night, Miss Sara?"

"Yes, oh, yes."

It was a welcome break to her loneliness, and Sara thought it could be only Mr. Wheatley or her cousin Caroline. Certainly she was not prepared to see the one whom Watton came up again to usher in: Mr. Oswald Cray.

Every pulse of her body stood still for a moment and then bounded onwards; every thrill of her heart went out to him in a joyous greeting. In this dreadful sorrow and sadness, he had but been growing all the dearer.

He was still in deep mourning. He looked taller, finer, more noble than of yore, or she fancied it, as he bent a little to her and took her hand, and kept it. He saw the quiver of the slight frame; he saw the red rose that dyed the pale cheeks with blushes, and Mr. Oswald Cray knew that he was no forgotten by her, any more than she was by him. But he knew also that both of them had only one thing to do—to bury these feelings now, to condemn them to oblivion for the future. The daughter of Dr. Davenal dead, could be no more a wife for him, Oswald Cray, than the daughter of Dr. Davenal living, and most certainly he was the last man to be betrayed into forgetting that uncompromising fact.

The rose blush faded away, and he saw how weak and worn was her cheek; young, fragile, almost childish she looked in her evening dress of black, the jet chain on her white shoulders. Insensibly his voice assumed a tenderness rarely used to her.

"I have ventured on the privilege of a friend in calling at this late hour," were the first words he spoke. "I could not quit the town without seeing you, but I came to it only an hour ago, and leave again to-night. Miss Davenal! I see how it is! You are suffering more than is good for you."

But for the very greatest effort, the tears she had believed to have put under permanent control would have dropped then. A moment's pause for calmness, and she remembered that her hand was lying in his, withdrew it, and sat down quietly in a chair, pointing to one for him. But the forced calmness brought a sickness to her heart, a pallor to her aching brow.

"How shall I tell you of my sympathy in your deep sorrow? I cannot express it: but you will believe me when I say that I feel it almost as you can do. It is indeed a trying time for you; a grief which has come to you all too early."

"Yes," she gently answered, swallowing the lump that kept rising in her throat. "I have a good deal to bear."

"There is only one comfort to be felt at these times—and that the mourner can but rarely feel," he said, drawing his chair near to her. "It lies in the knowledge, the recollection that Time, the great healer, will bind up the sorest wounds."

"It can never bind up mine," she said, speaking in the moment's impulse. "But you are very kind; you are very kind to try to cheer me."

"I wish I could cheer you! I wish I could remove every sorrow under which you suffer! No one living would be a truer friend to you than I should like to be. How is Miss Davenal?" he continued, possibly fancying he might be saying too much, or at least that a construction he never intended might appear to belong to his words. "Watton said she was out. I suppose, in point of fact, she will not see me to-night. I know what war I wage with etiquette in being here so soon and at this hour, and Miss Davenal is a close observer of it. Will you forgive me?"

"Indeed I am glad to see you," said Sara, simply. "I am doubly glad, for I feel almost ashamed to confess I was getting too nervous to be alone. My aunt is out; she went to the abbey as soon as dinner was over. I am glad to see you thus early" she added, "because I have a word to say to you from—from papa."

"Yes," said Oswald, lifting his head with slight eagerness, an unusual thing for him to do.

"In the letter he wrote to you, and which I sent—the letter you received," she continued, looking at him and pausing.

"Yes?"

"He spoke of Mrs. Cray's money in it, as he told me. He wished you to interest yourself and see that it was settled upon her. When he wrote that letter, he was almost past exertion, and had to conclude it abruptly, not having said so much as he wished to say. Therefore he enjoined me to urge it upon you from him. He thought—I believe he thought that Mark Cray was inclined to be careless, and that the money might be wasted unless some one interfered. That was all."

"I shall speak to Mark. Most certainly I will urge the settlement of the money on his wife, should there be occasion for it; but I imagine Mark will naturally so settle it without any urging. It is quite incumbent on him to do so, both as a matter of prudence and that it is his wife's money, not his."

"I don't think Mark has much notion of prudence," she rejoined.

"I don't think he has, in a general way. But the most careless would surely act in accordance with its dictates, in a case like this. I am going to the Abbey presently."

"I fancy that papa thought—or wished—that you would be one of the trustees, should trustees be required."

"I should have no objection," said Oswald, after a pause. "But—to go to another subject, if you can bear me to touch upon it—was not Dr. Davenal's death sudden at the last?"

"Quite at the last it was. He had some days of dangerous illness, and he rallied from it, as we all supposed. It was thought he was out of danger, and he sat up: he sat up for several hours—and died."

She spoke the words quietly, almost as she might have told of the death of one not related to her, her hands clasped on her lap, her face a little bent, her eyelids drooping. But Oswald Cray saw that it was the calmness that proceeds from that stern schooling of the heart which can only be enforced by those heavy-laden with hopeless pain.

"He died sitting up?"

"Yes. It was getting late, but he would not return to bed. He had been talking to me about many things: I was on a low seat, my head leaning against him. He died with his arm round me."

"What a trial! What a shock it must have been!"

"I had no idea he was dead. He ceased talking, and I remained quiet, not to disturb him. My Aunt Bettina came in, and saw what had happened."

He scarcely knew what to say in answer. All comments at such a time are so grievously inadequate. He murmured some words of pity for the fate of Dr. Davenal, of compassion for her.

"It is Hallingham that deserves, perhaps, most of real pity," she resumed, speaking in this matter-of-fact way that she might succeed in retaining her composure. "I do not know who will replace my father: no one, I fear, for a long while. If you knew how he is mourned—"

She stopped, perhaps at a loss for words.

"Did he suffer much?" asked Mr. Oswald Cray.

"He suffered here"—touching her chest—"but the pain ceased the last day or two, and the breathing got better. He had a great deal of pain of mind—as—perhaps—you—know. He was quite resigned to die: he said God was taking him to a better home."

Still at cross purposes. Sara's hesitating avowal pointed to a different cause of mental pain from that assumed by Oswald Cray.

"Yes," he at length said, abstractedly, for neither spoke for a few minutes, "it is a loss to Hallingham. This will be sad news to write to your brother."

"It is already written. The mail has been gone a day or two. Oh, yes! it will be grievous news for Edward."

The last words were spoken in a tone of intense pain. She checked it, and began talking of her aunt, of Caroline, of anything; almost as if she doubted herself. She told him she had been out that day to see the two little boys. At length he rose to leave.

"Will you not stay and take some tea? I do not suppose my aunt will be long."

He declined. He seemed to have grown more cold and formal. Until he took her hand in leaving, and then the tender tone of voice, the pleasant look of the eye shone out again.

"May Heaven be with you!" he whispered, "and render your future days happier than they can be just now. Fare you well! I hope to hear good news of you from time to time."

Which was of course equivalent to saying that he should not be a visitor. She had not expected that he would be. He turned back ere he gained the door.

"If I can be of service to you at any time or in any way, I hope you will not hesitate to command me. Nothing would give me so much gratification as the being of use to you, should need arise."

It was very polite, it was very kind, and at the same time very formal. Perhaps the strangest part throughout the interview to Sara's ears was that when he had called her "Miss Davenal," for it presented so great a contrast to the past; the past which was at an end for ever.

He went out, shown through the hall by Jessy, and leaving his card on the standing waiter for Miss Davenal. All *en règle*. And Sara in the large drawing-room, so dreary now, remained on in her pain, alone.

PART XXXI.

MARK'S NEW PLANS.

In the dining-room of the Abbey in her black robes sat Mrs. Cray at the head of her table, her elbow resting on it, and a pouting expression on her pretty face. Mark was at the foot, gobbling down his dinner with all the haste he could. He had been detained so long beyond the dinner hour that Mrs. Cray in despair had eaten hers; and when Mark at length entered, he found a cold face and a cold cutlet. Mrs. Cray was beginning to tire of the irregularity.

"I can't help it, Carine," he said, looking at her in a pause of his eating. "My work has been nearly doubled, you know, since the doctor died."

"But it's very tiresome, Mark!"

"It is. I am nearly sick of it."

"It is not *doubled*, your work."

"Well, no; one speaks at random. Some of the doctor's older patients have left me; they think, I suppose, I am not sufficiently experienced. But I have a great deal to do just now; more, in fact, than I can attend to properly."

Mark resumed his gobbling, and his wife watched him, her lips a little relaxing. Caroline Cray was one of those who must have all things go smoothly; she could not bear to be put out, even in trifles.

"Mr. Wheatley has been here, Mark," she presently said.

"What did he want?"

"He wanted to see you. Something about the selling of my uncle's house."

"He is losing no time," observed Mark, some acrimony in his tone. "I wonder he didn't begin about it yesterday when we were there, hearing the will read? But what have I to do with it?"

"He wants us to take the house—to buy it, I think."

"I daresay he does," retorted Mark, after a pause of surprise. "Where's the money to come from?"

"There's that money of mine. He said it would be a good investment."

"Did he? I wonder what business it is of his! Carine, my dear, you and I are quite capable of managing our own affairs, without being dictated to."

"Of course we are!" answered Carine, rather firing at the absent Mr. Wheatley, as this new view was presented to her.

Mark said no more just then. He finished his dinner, and had the things taken away. Then, instead of sitting down to his wine, his usual custom, he stood up on the hearth-rug, as though he were cold—or restless. Mark Cray had been reared to extravagance in a petted home, and looked for his wine daily, as surely as any old alderman, looks for it. Oswald Cray, reared without a home, and to schoolboy fare, adhered still, in a general way, to the water, to which he had been trained. Oswald's plan was the most profitable, so far as the pocket was concerned; and the health, too.

"I say, Carine, I want to go to London for a day."

"To London?" echoed Carine, turning her chair to the fire.

"There's the grandest opening! there's the grandest opening for a fortune to be made there. And—Carine—I think I shall quit Hallingham."

Mrs. Cray's violet eyes extended themselves in the extreme of wonder. She sat staring at him.

"Caroline, I *hate* the profession, and how I came ever to be such a fool as to go into it I cannot understand," said Mark, throwing himself on a chair as he plunged into confidence. "So long as the doctor lived, I could not well say anything about it; I did not see my way clear to do so. But things have altered now, and I think I shall give up the medical life."

"But—good gracious, Mark!—I can't understand," exclaimed Caroline, in her bewilderment. "If you give up your profession, you give up our means of living. We can't starve."

"Starve!" laughed Mark. "Can't you trust me better than that? Look here, Caroline; let us come to figures. I don't suppose I should clear at first above eight hundred a-year, or so, by the practice—"

"Oh, Mark! I'm sure you would clear at least a thousand. Think what a valuable connection it is!"

"Well, I know it is; but you must look at it with its new disadvantages. The most lucrative part of your uncle's practice was the home consulting; and of that I shall not get much; and, besides, I couldn't expect my guinea a patient as he had; who'd give it to me? And then I must have an assistant; I never could get through alone; and heaven knows what I should have to pay him. All this will take the gilt off the gingerbread. However, put it down at a thousand, if you like, for argument's sake. Let us assume that I net it clear. It's a nice income, no doubt, but it's very small by the side of three times that. And that's what I shall make if I go into the thing in London."

Caroline, half doubting, half eager, all bewildered, sat waiting to hear more.

"There's a splendid opportunity offered me if I give up the medical profession and embark altogether in a new line of life. The concern is in London; that is—"

Mrs. Cray interrupted her husband with an exclamation of dismay. The word had offended her ear.

"A *concern!* That means a trade, does it not? Is it a shop? Mark! you'd never do it!"

"Oh you great goose!" cried Mark. "What do I know about trade? I—you have heard me speak of my old chum Barker, have you not?" he broke off to ask.

"Barker?" she repeated. "Yes, I think I remember the name. He got into some dreadful trouble, did he not, and was put in prison?"

"Put in prison! how you speak of things! All that's over and done with. His friends were wretched screws, doling him out of money that ought to have come to him, and the consequence was that Barker got into the Queen's Bench. Half the gentlemen of England have been there some time in their lives," added Mark, loftily, as if he were just then deeming the thing an honor. "Well, Caroline, that was over long ago, and Barker has now the most magnificent prospect before him that one can well imagine; he will be making his thousands and thousands a-year."

"How is he going to make it?" asked Caroline.

"And he has offered me a share in it," continued Mark, too eager to attend to irreverent questions. "He is one who knows how to stand by an old friend. *Thousands* a-year, it will be."

"But, Mark, I ask you how he is going to make it?"

"It is connected with mines and pumping, and all that sort of thing," lucidly explained Mark.

"Mines and pumping!"

"Caroline, dear, you cannot be expected to understand these things. *Enormous* fortunes are being made at them," continued Mark, in a rapture. "Some of the mines yield fifty thousand pounds profit the first year of working. I declare when I first heard of Barker's prospects I was fit to eat my fingers off, feeling that I was tied down to be a paltry pitiful country surgeon. Folks go ahead nowadays, Caroline. And, as Barker has generously come forward with the offer that I should join him, I think I ought to accept it in justice to you. My share the first year would be about three thousand, he computes."

"But, Mark, do you mean to say that Mr. Barker has offered you three thousand a-year for nothing? I don't comprehend it at all."

"Not for nothing. I should give my services, and I should have to advance a certain sum at the onset. Talk about an investment for your money, Caroline, what investment would be equal to this?"

The words startled her for the moment.

"I promised poor Uncle Richard that the money should be settled upon me, Mark. He said he urged it as much for your sake as mine."

"Of course," said Mark, with acquiescent suavity. "Where there's nothing better to do with money, it always ought to be so settled. But only look at this opening! Were your Uncle Richard in life, he would be the first to advise the investment of the money in it. Such chances don't happen every day. Caroline, I can't and won't humdrum on here, buried alive and worked to death, when I may take my place in the London world, a wealthy man, looked up to by society. In your interest, I will not."

"Are the mines in London?" asked Caroline.

"Why, no! of course not. But the office is, where all the money transactions are carried on."

"And it is quite a sure thing, Mark?"

"It's as sure as the Bank of England. It wants a little capital to set it going, that's all. And that capital can be supplied by your money, Caroline, if you will agree to it. Hundreds of people would jump at the chance."

An utter tyro in business matters, in the ways of a needy world, imbued with unbounded faith in her husband, Caroline Cray took all in with eager and credulous ears. Little more than a child, she could be as easily persuaded as one, and she became as anxious to realize the good luck as Mark.

"Yes, I should think it is what my uncle would advise were he alive," she said. "And where should we live, Mark?"

"We'd live at the West End, Carine; somewhere about Hyde Park. You should have your open and close carriages, and your saddle-horses and servants—everything as it ought to be. No end of good things may be enjoyed with three thousand a-year."

"Would it stop at three thousand, Mark?" she questioned, with sparkling eyes.

"I don't expect it would stop at twenty," coolly asserted Mark. "How far it would really go on to, I'm afraid to guess. In saying three thousand, I have taken quite the minimum of the first year's profits."

"Oh, Mark! don't let it escape you. Write to-night and secure it. How do you know but Barker may be giving it to somebody else?"

She was growing more eager than he. In her inexperience she knew nothing of such a miserable calamity as failure or deceit. Not that her husband was purposely deceiving her; he fully believed in the good luck he spoke of. Mark Cray's was one of those sanguine, roving natures which see an immediate fortune in every new scheme brought to them—if it be only wild enough.

"How long have you known of this, Mark?"

"Oh, a month or two. But, as you see, I would not stir in it. I should like to run up to town for a day to meet Barker; and, on my return, we'd set about the arrangements for leaving. There will be no more lonely dinners for you, Carine, once we are away from here. I shall not have to be beating about all hours and weathers from one patient's door to another, or dancing attendance on that precious infirmary, knowing that you are sitting at home waiting for me, and the meal getting cold."

"Oh, Mark! how delightful it will be! And, perhaps, you would never have risen into note as my uncle did."

"No, I never should. Dr. Davenal's heart was in his profession, mine—"

Mark Cray stopped abruptly. The avowal upon his lips had been "mine recoils from it."

It was even so. He did literally recoil from his chosen profession. Unstable in all his ways, Mark had become heartily sick of the routine of a surgeon's life. And since the affair of Lady Oswald, a conviction had been gradually taking possession of him that he was entirely unfitted for it. Dr. Davenal had forbidden him ever to undertake operations again; Mark himself shrank from doing so. So long as the doctor lived, there had been no necessity for Mark's performing them, the doctor was at hand; but the doctor was gone now, and Mark must hold himself in readiness for anything that might be required of him. A lively dread was upon him—it may, perhaps, be described a *nervous* dread, born no doubt of that unfortunate event of the past—that he might again lose his presence of mind, and break down in the critical moment when a patient's life was in his hands. This would be horrible, not only for the unhappy patient, but for himself; and, without accusing Mark Cray of undue inhumanity, it must be acknowledged that he thought of himself first in the matter. To betray his incompetency, would be to lose caste for ever in the medical world of Hallingham.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ WHAT AN INVENTOR DID.—The Brussels carpets of England are woven on looms invented by an American, and bought of him. Bigelow, an American, went to England to study carpet weaving in the English looms, but English jealousy would not allow him the opportunity. He took a piece of carpeting and unraveled it, thread by thread, and then combined, calculated and invented the machinery on which the best carpets of Europe and America are woven.

☞ The number of distinct species of insects already known and described, cannot be estimated at less than two hundred thousand—there being nearly twenty thousand beetles alone now known, and every day is adding to the catalogue, most of which may be seen in the collection of the British museum.

THE SAVIOUR.

Thou who didst stoop below,
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality,—
Thy toil and conflict done,
Thy crown of victory won,—
Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home on high.

Our eyes behold thee not,
Yet hast thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust in thee;
Before thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
That where thou art, there they may also be.

O, Thou who art our life,
Be with us through the strife!
Was not thy head by earth's fierce tempests bowed?
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

The Dream of the Snow Drifts.

The Rev. Dr. Bushnell, who has travelled much, and visited California amongst other climes, relates the following incident:

"As I sat by the fire, one stormy November night, in a hotel parlor, in the Napa Valley of California, there came in a most venerable and benignant-looking person with his wife, taking their seats in the circle. The stranger, as I afterwards learned, was Captain Young, a man who came over into California, as a trapper, more than forty years ago. Here he has lived, apart from the great world and its questions, acquiring an immense landed estate, and becoming a kind of acknowledged patriarch in the country. His tall, manly person, and his gracious, paternal look, as totally unsophisticated in the expression as if he had never heard of a philosophic doubt or question in his life, marked him as the true patriarch. The conversation turned, I know not how, on spiritualism and the modern necromancy; and he discovered a degree of inclination to believe in the reported mysteries. His wife, a much younger and apparently Christian person, intimated that probably he was predisposed to this kind of faith by a very peculiar experience of his own, and evidently desired that he might be drawn out by some intelligent discussion of his queries.

"At my request he gave me his story. About six or seven years previous, in a mid-winter's night, he had a dream, in which he saw what appeared to be a company of emigrants arrested by the snows of the mountains, and perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. He noted the very cast of the scenery, marked by a huge perpendicular front of white rock cliff; he saw the men cutting off what appeared to be tree-tops rising out of deep gulfs of snow; he distinguished the very features of the persons and the look of their particular distress. He woke profoundly impressed with the distinctness and apparent reality of his dream. At length he fell asleep, and dreamed exactly the same dream again. In the morning he could not expel it from his mind. Falling in shortly with an old hunter comrade, he told him the story, and was only the more deeply impressed by his comrade recognizing, without hesitation, the scenery of the dream. The comrade had come over the Sierra by the Carson Valley Pass, and declared that a spot in the pass answered exactly to his description. By this the unsophisticated patriarch was decided. He immediately collected a company of men with mules and blankets, and all necessary provisions. The neighbors were laughing, meantime, at his credulity. 'No matter,' he said; 'I am able to do this, and I will; for I verily believe that the fact is according to my dream.' The men were sent into the mountains, one hundred and fifty miles distant, directly to the Carson Valley Pass. And there they found the company in exactly the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive."

Dr. Bushnell adds, that a gentleman present in the hotel-parlor at the time said to him:—"You need have no doubt of this; for we Californians all know the facts and names of the families brought in, who now look upon our venerable friend as a kind of saviour." These names he gave, together with the residences of each; and Dr. Bushnell avers that he found the Californians everywhere ready to second the old man's testimony. "Nothing could be more natural," continues the doctor, "than for the good-hearted patriarch himself to add that the brightest thing in his life, and that which gave him the greatest joy, was his simple faith in that dream."

How an Indian finds his Way through the Woods.

H. D. Thoreau, in the account of his excursion through the woods of Maine, tells the following of his Indian guide, Joe Polis:

"I asked him how he guided himself in the woods. 'O,' said he, 'I can tell good many ways.' When I pressed him further, he answered: 'Sometimes I lookum side hill,' and he glanced toward a high hill or mountain on the eastern shore; 'great difference between the north and south; see where the sun has shone most. So trees—the large limbs bend toward south. Sometimes I lookum locks' (rocks.) I asked what he saw on the rocks, but he did not describe anything in particular, answering vaguely, in a mysterious or drawling tone, 'Bare locks on lake shore—great difference between N. S. E. W. side—can tell what the sun has shone on.' 'Suppose,' said I, 'that I should take you in a dark night right up here into the middle of the woods, a hundred miles, set you down, and turn you round quickly twenty times, could you steer straight to Old Town?' 'O, yes,' said he; 'have done pretty much the same thing. I will tell you. Some years ago I met an old white hunter at Millinocket; very good hunter. He said he could go anywhere in the woods. He wanted to hunt with me that day, so we start. We chase a moose all the forenoon, round and round, till middle of afternoon, when we kill him. Then I said to him, now you go straight to camp. Don't go round and round where we've been, but go straight. He said I can't do that; I don't know where I am. Where you think camp? I asked. He pointed so. Then I laugh at him. I take the lead and go right off the other way, cross our tracks many times, straight camp.' 'How do you do that?' asked I. 'O, I can't tell you,' he replied. 'Great difference between me and white man.'"

☞ The expenses of the British Museum are nearly one hundred thousand pounds per annum.

LOVE AND GLORY.

Slow she uprose,
And sighing heavily she reached his side;
Her dark eyes looked unutterable woes.
"No need to part!" she cried.

Gravely he bent to kiss her upturned face:
"My love, a laggard should I stay behind
When all my comrades press to win the race?
What glory should *I* find?"

"O glory, glory!" bitterly spake she,
"Thou'st broken many a loving woman's heart:
What need to step betwixt my love and me,
That never thought to part?"

"Nay, little wife, unreasoning woman now,
When honor calls a coward only stays!
Perchance a laurel wreath upon my brow
May rest ere many days."

"A few green leaves against a thousand fears!
What of thy little 'olive leaves' at home?
Glory and fame?—a broken heart and tears!
How canst thou wish to roam?" C. B.

LORD LYNN'S WIFE.

CHAPTER X.

NOT IN THE PROGRAMME.

They stood long thus. Neither of the two was in a hurry to break the silence. The music from the ball-room reached them in long gushes of sweet sound, and then died away. Outside the house there was no sound except the jarring cry of a night-bird flitting among the trees, now fast becoming bare of their russet leaves. One other sound there was—a faint rustling, such as the wind might have caused, among the laurels and hollies of the shrubbery; but there was no wind.

Aurelia was quite silent, and so was her companion. But silence is very eloquent sometimes, and each of the two who stood, side by side, on the terrace, knew perfectly well that on the other's ear a casual, indifferent remark would have fallen painfully. Each, by some magnetism of sympathy, seemed conscious of the other's thoughts, and yet no word of love had been uttered.

Lord Lynn felt Aurelia's arm tremble as it rested on his own. He was the first to break the stillness.

"Aurelia," he said, and as he said it, he took her hand, "I asked you to come with me here. I had something to say to you. Can you guess what it is?"

No answer. The pretty hand in Lord Lynn's clasp lay quite still and passive. Aurelia's head was turned away. She was gazing into the dark garden, where the lamps gleamed here and there among the trees. The rustling among the laurel-leaves continued.

"I wished, Aurelia, to know my fate; to ask whether the dear prize I have set my heart on winning can be mine. It is not the first time that *I* have longed to speak as *I* now speak; but I did not dare to ask, because I felt how blank and wretched the world would seem to me, were I denied. And—it is the old, old story, and is best told in the plain old words. I love you, Aurelia—I have loved you a long time. Can you learn to love me a little? Will you be mine, my very own, my wife?"

The speaker's voice was low as he uttered these words, but it was very distinct, tremulous as it was with unwonted emotion. Had there been any lurking spy among the thick shrubs beneath, no doubt Lord Lynn's proposal would have reached his ears; but spies, in the nineteenth century, seldom prowl about a peaceful country-house, and the feeble stir and sound among the glossy dark green of the holly-bushes and laurels, which had been merely such as the passage of some bird or animal might have produced, had wholly ceased.

Aurelia did not answer. Maidenly reserve might perhaps have sealed her lips, and for the same cause her fair face might have been averted. Or this appearance of bashful coyness might have been the merest feigning, the comedy, older than the Flood, played out by generations of artful women at the moment when the lover they had used every wile to ensnare was brought to their feet at last. But if that last uncharitable supposition were the truth, it was not the whole truth. Supposing that Aurelia, under her cold exterior, felt a thrill of triumph as she heard Lord Lynn tell his love, there was a well-spring of bitterness in her heart that mingled with the worldly exultation of the victory. Why else was the hand that lay in Lord Lynn's so nerveless and chill, that, but for the dainty glove that enclosed it, its cold contact would have been as the touch of a dead woman's hand? Why else did a shiver run through the limbs of the proud beauty as she drank in the avowal of the attachment for which she had schemed and striven? Above all, why else did the one word, "wife?" lowly murmured, and with almost a moan of anguish, pass her lips? Assuredly there was no acting there. For a moment, Aurelia almost had given up her purpose, as she looked down into the gulf into which she was about to plunge. To reach that gulf, she had plotted and fought her way on, now among thorns, now along paths that seemed strewn with flowers; and now she was on the giddy brink, and she looked down, and it seemed that her fall would be among flowers, too, and that the leap was a safe one, and yet she hesitated. For one brief instant, her good and evil angels strove for the mastery, and it seemed as though the good might prevail. She had done wrong; yes, but perhaps she had not sinned inexpiably; she could draw back, at least, from further guilt.

Lord Lynn spoke again, anxious at her long silence, and auguring ill from it.

"I know," he said, "that I am not worthy of you, except that I love you so much. I have wasted the best years of my youth in idle wanderings, and have made little use of the talents, such as they are, which have been given me. My hope was, that with a home as happy and steadfast as mine might be, if you would share it, Aurelia, I might redeem the wasted past, and be of some real use to England, after all. But I see I have been dreaming. You do not care for me; you do not think me worthy of—"

"Hush!" said Aurelia, interrupting him as she turned towards him for the first time, and speaking with quite unusual energy, and in a broken voice that faltered with real emotion—for the most astute of human beings cannot always suppress their feelings—"hush! your words give me pain. You *are* worthy!—worthy of more than—than I can give."

Quick as thought now came the eager question, the half-whispered answer:

"You do care for me, then? Dearest, noblest girl—I may hope, may I not?"

"Yes! if it will really make you happy—yes!"

And Lord Lynn's arm encircled Aurelia's waist as he drew her towards him, and called her, along with fifty fond names, such as lovers used before Babel rose, his own, beautiful, glorious wife.

But even at that moment Aurelia turned ashen pale, as one who sees a spectre, and starting back, pointed to the garden, exclaiming, with a stifled shriek: "There, there!" An instant afterwards, the flash and report of firearms succeeded to that shriek, and a pistol was discharged from amid the dense shrubs below. With a low moaning cry, Aurelia staggered and fell, a white heap of shining satin and glancing gems and bare white arms on which the bracelets flashed in the pale yellow lamp-light. The man to whom she had just pledged her troth was of tried courage, and had faced death in most shapes, and seen dear comrades struck down at his side, but never had he felt such an agony of terror and pain as now. He sprang back from the edge of the terrace, from which he had caught a glimpse of a dark human form bursting its way recklessly through the matted evergreens, and making for the open lawns. The assassin, whoever he might be, was escaping, but he scarcely gave the wretch a thought; his whole soul was wrapped up in Aurelia's fate. Dead! he believed her to be dead, for she did not speak when he raised her from the ground, addressing her the while in words of the tenderest entreaty, begging for a word, as none could beg but a mother beside her dying child or a lover beside his dying mistress. Dead! Half stupified by the thought, he bore her into the house, meeting numbers of the guests and servants, who came hurrying at the sound of the pistol-shot. He made no answer to their questions; he never stopped or spoke until he reached the ball-room, and laid his fair, insensible burden on a sofa.

Then what a clamor of alarmed voices arose, and next what a hush, a dreadful silence, when none dared, as it were, to speak a word! Dead! surely dead! Yet how beautiful, with an awful beauty she looked, lying there, passive, on the crimson velvet of the sofa, with her haughty head lying helpless on the cushion, her hair loose, and her white face fearfully still and calm. There were stains of blood on her white satin robe, spots of dark tell-tale red on her uncovered neck, and blood was slowly trickling down the white arm that hung loosely down from the edge of the sofa, the rounded, graceful arm, on whose wrist the diamonds glittered still, as in mockery. The oppressive silence was broken by one who had a right to be heard, by poor George Darcy, who came forward, with a great sob, grasped the cold hand, and burst into a passion of tears, such as startled the by-standers, who had seldom given a second thought to the peevish, unpopular man.

"My only child! my own, one lamb! my dear, murdered daughter!"

A great confusion arose; girls and women were sobbing and crying in an anguish of mingled sympathy and terror. Men seemed to speak all at once, loud and angry, and shocked, all questioning, but none able to answer, till some one exclaimed:

"Let me see her! for Heaven's sake, do let me pass. It may not be so bad as they say."

And the crowd made way gladly for Dr. Gillies, the only doctor at the ball, who had come hastening in from the card-room, where the news had reached the whist-party latest of all.

"Dead! no, not dead. I am sure she is alive. I can find no serious wound. The shot, or slugs, or whatever the miscreant used, have only grazed her neck. She has fainted, that is all."

And the physician's experience was not at fault. The sofa was wheeled to the open window, and the throng of guests being adjured to stand back, the fresh air, and the cold water the doctor sprinkled on her forehead, produced the usual effect in cases of syncope. Aurelia slightly shivered, moved her arm, and opened her eyes with a heavy sigh.

"Where am I? What has— Is that you, papa? I have been ill, I think, and very troublesome, I am sure."

And she tried to sit up, but catching sight of the blood-drops on her robe, said with a shudder:—"I remember now: that face," and nearly swooned again, while old George Darcy was patting and kissing her hand, and crying over it, and talking to her as if she had been a sick child. It was not his custom to be demonstrative in his parental affection; it was not until his child had been rescued, as it seemed, from the jaws of the grave, that he knew how dear she was to him. Lord Lynn stood near the sofa, very pale, and with eyes that were riveted on Aurelia, and watched her with a jealous tenderness, as if he feared to trust the doctor's favorable verdict. He had no avowed and recognized right, as her father had, to tend her in her helpless state, and he feared to agitate her, which in her weak condition might be dangerous. He had said no word since he bore her in, except the one short speech, "Thank God!" that came from his heart and lips at once, as he heard the assertion of Dr. Gillies that Aurelia was alive, and not much hurt. Indeed, the injuries inflicted by the pistol-shot were very trifling, though all agreed that the alarm might well have produced the worst effect.

But now Lord Lynn was assailed by fifty anxious questioners.

"Did you see the man?" "Were there several of them?" "Should you know the fellow again?" "Which way did he go?" "How was he dressed? Had he a smock-frock or a shirt over his clothes? for if so, he's a poacher;" and so forth.

And almost every one busied himself or herself with conjectures, as to who the would-be murderer could have been, what where his motives, whom could he have designed to injure? Nobody believed that he was an enemy of Aurelia's, personally. How could a young lady, living under her father's roof, in this our age, have enemies? The idea was preposterous?

"Some cross-grained poacher." "A drunken rascal, bent on practical joking, and loading his pistol or gun with stones or bits of lead." "A ticket-of-leave-man, hoping to rob the house in the confusion." "Some mad beggar."

The last was the most popular hypothesis. It was broached by one of the dragoons from Coventry, and met with immense success; and Lord Lynn was more tormented than ever as he seemed to summon up his reminiscences before replying. At last he spoke, amid perfect silence. All ears were thirsty for his words, and even Aurelia feebly raised herself on her elbow to listen.

"I did see the man; he seemed to have been hidden among the shrubs, and he made a rush for the lawn. He was dressed in dark clothes. I did not see his face at all; I should not know him from Adam."

There was a flutter and hum of disappointment among the company. Aurelia sank back with a deep sigh, very like a sigh of relief. A dispassionate observer might have said that she really seemed glad that Lord Lynn had failed to identify the assassin. But there were no dispassionate observers there; even the doctor was in error.

"You are tired and faint, my dear young lady; and no wonder. The sooner you get to your own room and to bed the better. Could you walk with help or shall we carry you?"

"Thank you, Dr. Gillies; I can walk, I am sure. But you make me out worse than I am. It was nothing—only the sudden shock, and I was silly. I never was so foolish before; and I have stopped the dancing, and spoiled everything. O how silly of me! and how kind you all are! I really beg your pardon, dear Lady Midgett," said Aurelia, smiling with sickly white lips, and making a weak effort to rise.

"O, dear Miss Darcy, pray, pray don't. We are only concerned for you; indeed, that is all; and how thankful we are it is now all happily and mercifully over, and no real great harm done to you—and after such a pleasant, delightful evening! O, we should never have forgiven ourselves!"

Fifty female voices said these words as with one breath; and they crowded about Aurelia, and would have smothered her with well-meant caresses but for the doctor's stern authority. As for Lucy Mainwaring, she took Aurelia's hand and kissed it, weeping the while. She saw nothing in her but a dear friend, brought back to her by calamity, not a rival. There was no rivalry in Lucy's heart. But by this time Lord Lynn had rallied his faculties, more disturbed by Aurelia's danger than the keen, tried soldier could have thought possible.

"Get lanterns, gentlemen," he said. "Get some of the horses in the stables saddled, and send some one to the village to tell the young fellows to turn out and hunt down that villain. A large reward, you can say, will"——

"The Home Secretary will no doubt offer a reward—a hundred pounds, I dare say," said Sir Joseph, the county member, looking magisterial.

"I will give the reward myself—not one, but five hundred pounds, to the person who captures that scoundrel," said Lord Lynn. "But talking is useless. Don't disturb Mr. Darcy; but pray, send word to the village, and let us search the garden. The Indians in the Far West taught me to follow a trail, and it is strange if he has left no foot prints in the soft mould. Who will go with me?"

"Stop, stop!" cried Aurelia, wildly. "Do not follow him. Pray, let him go. Poor wretch! He is mad, perhaps. It may be a mistake. Do not hurt him. Let him go; please let him go."

"The sooner we get Miss Darcy away, the better," said the doctor, knowingly; "this is too much for any lady's nerves."

The doctor triumphed; and Aurelia, reluctant as she was, was removed to her own room; while a number of gentlemen, among whom some young Nimrods of the county vied with the officers from Coventry in zeal, followed Lord Lynn to the garden. The Guardsman had not made an idle boast of his own powers in tracking a foe. He soon found, among the branches of the evergreens, the blackened wadding of the discharged pistol, and near it footprints deeply stamped into the mossy mould of the garden. These he carefully examined, measured, and proceeded to follow out through the course which the fugitive had pursued when he rushed from the covert. But Lord Lynn, like many another adventurer, was checkmated by the unseasonable ardor of his friends. Had his companions been his old allies—the Big Buffalo, the Black Fox, and other Pawnee or Sioux warriors—or had the young nobleman been alone, all might have been well; but it was found that the Coventry officers and the sporting squires had so trampled the flower beds and turf, scouring lawns and beating thickets with whoop and halloo, with twinkling lanterns and flaring candles, that Chingachgook himself would have been baffled in such a quest. The trail was hopelessly lost.

"We shall catch him to-morrow. The police will put salt on his tail, no fear."

Such were the consolatory assurances of the male part of the company. The carriages rolled up in a long file, and the guests drove off. The Mainwarings lingered to the last. Lucy, with the hood of her scarlet mantle drawn over her pretty head, came to meet her cousin, her honest brown eyes smiling through tears.

"She is better, Hastings," said the sweet girl, artlessly. "The doctor says she will soon be well now. She has fallen asleep, the housekeeper told me, and sleeps quite gently, like a child, quite worn out, poor thing. I was so glad—so glad."

Lord Lynn turned his own face away from Lucy as he took both her hands and pressed them gratefully. He was very much moved, and he did not wish Lucy to see how much. Perhaps some dim struggling idea was in his mind that he had behaved ill, or at least imprudently, in courting the society of this girl, his kinswoman, as he had done. How she came to him in her unselfish trouble for another! There was no mean jealousy there, neither was there any consciousness in her tone or manner, to tell that she knew why he, of all others, should be interested in Aurelia. There was nothing there but sheer innocent kindliness. How, if she should have taken his attentions for more than they were worth? How, if— Absurd!

"Lucy, you are a dear, good girl. Thank you. Few men ever had such a darling little sister as you are. Good night; I shall see you to-morrow."

And he was gone. Lucy thought of his words hours afterwards, when Chanticleer's faint crow came from the home farm, and the day was dawning gray to eastward. Yes, he was very kind, and he had pressed her hands, and his voice had been quite trembling, and unlike what it usually was. Did that mean that he loved her? Or was it only his pity for poor Aurelia Darcy's great danger? Sister! Why did he say that? But he had spoken tenderly; and Lucy fell asleep again, and her dreams were happy dreams.

CHAPTER XI.

BAFFLED.

For some days after the event which had been so near crowning the festivities of the Beechborough ball with a tragic and melancholy ending, Aurelia lay helpless and worn out upon her down pillows, like a hurt bird that has reached the nest only to die there. Not that her life was in any real danger from the slight injuries which the pistol-shot inflicted. The slugs, five or six of which had been picked up on the terrace, flattened by striking against the wall, had but grazed her neck; and even the loss of blood was but trifling. Mr. Killick and Mr. Barker, called in to consult with Dr. Gillies, agreed more cordially than doctors often agree, that no bad consequences need be feared, narrow as the escape from death had been.

But Aurelia's nerves had been prostrated by the terrible shock; prostrated to an extent doubly surprising in that magnificent organization, so firm in health and vigor of body and mind. So it was, however. She, who had scarcely known a day's illness since her infancy, whose serene calmness was a proverb in the household, and whose strong will was recognized by all who approached her, now lay weak and ghastly, scarcely able to converse even with her father, who spent most of the day at her bedside, reading to her, doing his clumsy best to settle her pillows beneath the restless, uneasy head, and quite scared at the change that had come over her.

It follows as a matter of course that Miss Darcy was quite unable to receive any of the visitors who drove or rode over to the Hall to inquire after her health, or even to reply to any of the numerous kind notes and messages that poured in from all quarters of the compass. I think people liked Aurelia better, now that she was thus brought low by suffering, than ever they had done when they saw her in the pride of her youth and beauty, like some deep-rooted column that seems to bid defiance to tempest and earthquake. Certain it is that they were really sorry for her, and unfeignedly hoped to hear of her recovery. Lord Lynn came every day, and even twice a day. Hollingsley is a good twelve miles from Beechborough, but the young nobleman always seemed to have business which took him some miles further into the country, and he could call at Beechborough on his way back, late in the day, and did so. The servants at the Hall smirked and nodded significantly at one another as they commented on the young man's frequent visits. But his groom could have told them—only that the groom who rode after Lord Lynn was an ex-soldier of his lordship's company of the Foot Guards, and too well drilled into discretion and obedience for such idle tattlings—could have told them that Lord Lynn's ride extended no further than a lonely inn at Grove Ferry, three miles off, much haunted by anglers in summer, and that there he put up his horses, and rambled aimlessly along the river banks, killing time, until the sluggish hours had brought round the moment when he could decently canter again into George Darcy's demesne, and again ask the gray-haired butler for news of Miss Darcy.

Once Aurelia, whose sense of hearing was morbidly sharpened by the condition of her health, heard her lover's voice at the Hall-door, and the ringing of his bridle, and the pawing of his horse's hoofs upon the gravel. She sent her father down to speak to him; and it was a comfort to Lord Lynn to converse for a minute with George Darcy, because he had just left Aurelia. For the rest, Hastings, Baron Lynn, led but an anxious, uncomfortable life of it. He avoided his friends, even the Mainwarings. Some feeling, the nature of which he hardly divined, kept him away from Stoke. Lucy waited in vain; he never came; but his chief occupation was waylaying Dr. Gillies, who drove over daily with post-horses from the town where he lived and practised. The young lord was always meeting Dr. Gillies on his return journey, now on the rushy common at Bittenham, now on the broad flint-strewn road near Redbarns, now on the wooded hill of Nutcop, where many a highwayman had lurked in George III.'s time. The very postillions learned to pull up their nags by instinct, when they saw Lord Lynn; and the old physician's eye always twinkled slily as he responded to the young man's questions. Dr. Gillies had eyes to see into such a millstone as that of this excessive interest on the part of a man of eight or nine and twenty for a beautiful patient of his.

Miss Crawse came over, and earnestly begged to see her once intimate friend. Her visit was kindly meant. If Aurelia would have let her in, she would have found that Miss Crawse, softened for the moment, had left Self behind her in her pilgrimage from Patcham Cross Roads. Not a word would have been spoken of Tom's blighted aspirations as a paymaster, nor of Willie's expensive cramming for the Civil Service of his country. But Aurelia would not see Miss Crawse, showed an invalid's petulance and repugnance at the mention of her name, and begged her father to go down and get rid of the tiresome intruder; a commission which George Darcy executed with more docility than tact. Miss Crawse feeling her well-meant advances snubbed—she had sent up a note offering to nurse Aurelia, and saying with perfect truth that she had been accustomed to be useful and quiet in a sick chamber from very early days—went home in dudgeon; and Self, that vicarious selfishness on behalf of her kith and kin, which she hallowed as a virtue, resumed dominion over her. She resolved to await Aurelia's recovery—it would be but humane to delay thus far—and then!

Lucy Mainwaring had made a similar offer to that of Miss Crawse. It seemed natural to make it, on the part of those who had known the Darcies well, and who pityingly remembered that Aurelia had no mother, sister, or female relative to be beside her in sickness—only servants, and her father, who was a sorry nurse, for all his affection and sympathy. But Aurelia said No to this proffer too, only that the refusal was more courteously conveyed. She should get on very well, she was sure, with Jennings, her maid, and Mrs. Stark, the housekeeper, an experienced woman. Mrs. Stark was aunt to Jennings, and therefore those two were confidential with one another, instead of being sworn foes, as is commonly the case between two such high feminine officials in a large household.

"I went into Miss 'relia's room," said Mrs. Stark over a cup of tea, "and I had my list slippers on, of course, and was particular careful about noise; so I couldn't be heard, no more than the cat could. And I was close to the bed-curtains, and I heard her talking to herself in a moan, like. 'That face! ah, that face!' That was all she said, but the way she said it made my flesh creep, I can tell you. Then I suppose I gave a start, for she said: 'Is that you, Stark?' and of course there was an end of it. A cur'ous thing, wasn't it?"

"Very curious!" said Jennings thoughtfully, letting the cambric she was hemming drop on her lap. "I never could make her out: she's as close as wax; but I suspect she has something on her mind. That early walk she took, wetting her feet before breakfast, and never caring, wasn't natural. She's a deep one; but she isn't quite right, somehow."

There were other visitors, however, whom Aurelia evinced a strange wish to see, when once she was sufficiently recovered to go down stairs leaning on Mr. Darcy's arm, and to sit propped with cushions in a deep arm-chair in the Oak Room. Her father did not like her to see the visitors above mentioned, lest their reports and the associations thereby suggested should prove perniciously agitating to her nerves; but she insisted, and carried her point. Some of these visitors wore blue coats, elaborately braided all over the front; others were in blue coats with white letters on the collars, and stripes on the arms; and others were in plain clothes, but had thick Blucher boots, and red cotton handkerchiefs in the crowns of their hats. In a word, they all belonged to the police.

For the first time in his life almost, George Cook Darcy, *né* Hanks, had had his own way. Contrary to Aurelia's feeble entreaties, he had caused handbills to be posted up far and near, on dead-wall, and barn-gable, and roadside oak, offering rewards for the apprehension of the man who had lurked in the shrubbery, and fired the pistol at Aurelia. He had communicated with the county police, had corresponded with Scotland Yard, and had egged on Sir Joseph to memorialize the Home Office. Her Majesty's government had offered a hundred pounds for the capture and conviction of the would-be murderer, described in bureaucratic language as "some person or persons unknown;" and as Lord Lynn's offer of five hundred for the same result was known to the constabulary, every blue-coat in the service of Madam Justice was doing his best to secure the prize. Inspectors, sergeants, detectives, and superintendents, local and metropolitan, came and went, sniffing and ferretting about the country, like hounds on a cold scent; but though several suspicious-looking persons were apprehended, alibis were proved in every case.

It was remarkable with what interest Aurelia listened to these professional persons as they disconsolately related to their paymaster and employer the efforts they had made, and the utter futility of their researches; and Mr. Darcy was almost provoked by the evident pleasure, inexplicable to him, with which his daughter heard of the assassin's continued impunity.

"I always told you, papa, that I wished the poor wretch to go free. He has not done much harm. I dare say it was a mistake. I forgive him from my heart, and I do wish you would let the matter rest."

So she said. Very Christian, and very proper, this forgiving spirit, Mr. Darcy thought; but he was of more earthly mould, and would very much have liked to see the villain swinging in the air, below the platform on the roof of Warwick jail; or, if that were impracticable, at least safely caged for life. But these hopes seemed doomed to disappointment, for one day one of the smartest of the county police-officers, who had played his part with a sleuth-hound's staunchness throughout, entered the Oak Room. It was evident from the man's face that he had something to tell, and his tale was briefly this. At a place called Grove Ferry, on the river-bank, he had seen some children trying with long sticks to fish something black out of the water, where it was floating among the sedges. This object attracted the policeman's eye, always on the look-out for any seeming trifles that might be of use in his quest, and he soon contrived to draw it out of the river. It proved to be a man's hat, wet and sodden by long immersion, and crushed out of shape, but quite distinguishable.

"A silk hat," observed the sergeant, telling off the points on his fingers: "very decent sort of tile, but not fashionable; not such as a swell would wear. Maker's name, O'Shaughnessy, Dublin. So the customer we are looking after has most likely been lately in Ireland. We shall write to Dublin, of course, and try to find out the purchaser of the hat, though the number is hard to make out. Perhaps you, sir, or the young lady, may guess who did the trick, now we know the hat to be Irish."

Aurelia, at this appeal, made a slight sign of dissent. Mr. Darcy snapped at the speaker:

"Ireland! what has that to do with it? How do you know that the owner of the hat had anything to do with the late wicked outrage here?"

The sergeant smiled contemptuously behind his white *Berlin* glove. He had seen Mr. Darcy once or twice, and had a poor opinion of that gentleman's acuteness; but he set to work, with respectful gravity, to explain:

"I mentioned before, sir, when I had the honor to be admitted, that we had found some traces of the party in your garden, among the laurels where the pistol was fired. The garden had been so stamped and cut about by folks tramping here and there, looking for the party, that to track any one there was like hunting for a needle in hay. But there were five very good plain footprints found among the laurels, in a place some way off, where the burned pistol-wadding was picked up, and where nobody had rampaged about as they had elsewhere. These five footprints were all cut carefully out, and carried to the station as gingerly as if they'd been spun-glass, and we divided them. I got a plaster of Paris cast made of the one that fell to my share, and I studied it, and examined it, and spent my spare minutes a-thinking about it, until I felt quite sure I could pick it out of a thousand. There was a particular high heel to the boot that made it, a high heel and a thinnish sole; French-made boots, I reckon; but that any charity-boy could have made out for himself. What I did notice was, that the heel was a good deal worn away on one side, and yet the boot wasn't trodden out of shape, as often happens. I should guess that the party it belonged to had a trick of drumming on the ground with his foot, bringing the heel down upon a stone or a block of wood, or what not, while he was thinking, or talking, or—"

Aurelia made a slight but abrupt motion forwards, a very trifling start; but it was the policeman's business to see small signs, and he saw this, though Mr. Darcy did not.

"Beg your pardon, Miss. I fancied you had remembered something to give us a clue. Perhaps you have known somebody who had such a habit as that?"

But Aurelia's voice was perfectly composed as she said that Sergeant Miller was mistaken; she was merely surprised at the adroitness that could extract evidence from such trifles. The active officer swallowed the compliment as a pike bolts a minnow. He bowed, and chuckled before he went on to say that he knew the footprint so accurately, that when he had drawn the hat ashore, and had proceeded to inspect the moist

turf of the bank, low and swampy in that place, he had instantly recognized certain half-effaced marks, leading to the river, as caused by the same tread which had left its impression in the shrubbery.

"The steps went *to* the river," said the sergeant impressively; "but never a one came back. The chap was not right in his head, we all feel sure of that. Mad or drunk he must have been, for no cracksman in his senses would have behaved so; and though there are plenty of ill-conditioned scamps at liberty, no one could have had a grudge against the young lady, that's certain. Once the superintendent fancied it was my lord the shot was intended for, but that's not likely. His lordship has been half his life abroad, don't preserve to speak of, don't act as a magistrate, nor nothing. The chap that we're after is just mad, one at least, for it's my belief he's drowned himself."

George Darcy was quite shocked. He thought the gallows a fit doom for any man, in his right mind, who should have attempted to cut short his daughter's young life by a wanton act of spite or revenge. But the idea of some poor creature of disordered intellect making the murderous attempt, and then escaping human chastisement by a self-inflicted death, horrified the master of Beechborough. The sergeant went on—

"Drowned! It's the first idea comes into the head of a poor crazy creature in trouble to go and get rest at the bottom of the black water: and it's likely enough that this one did as they mostly do. We got the drags, and we dragged every yard of the river for half a mile or more; and we found nothing. But there came a fresh the day after your ball, sir, and there was rain enough, and flood enough, to wash the body half-way to the sea. Most probably he'll never be found now."

"Then you really—think—he is—is dead—drowned?" Aurelia's gray eyes looked larger than usual, and her white face more drawn and eager as she asked this.

Her father begged her not to excite herself.

The sergeant eyed her stealthily before he answered, weighing every word:

"Miss, I do believe it; so do we all. 'Tis not my fancy, but the judgment of every one of the superior officers among us, as well as the London gentlemen from the Yard. He's dead and drowned, poor chap."

"Poor wretch, poor wretch! Heaven help and forgive him! Heaven pity him! Oh what have I done!" broke out Aurelia in a hoarse harsh tone, quite unlike the usual soft music that dropped from her lips; and a few great tears gathered in her eyes, and blinded her, to her father's surprise, for she did not weep, as most girls do, easily and for light cause. It took as much grief or pain to dim Aurelia's gray eyes as it does to wring tears from a strong man. Impatiently, angrily, she bit her lip till it bled, and dashed the drops away with her weak hand. "I—was—shocked; it is over now," she said, slowly, and gave her father a look which, for a wonder, he understood; and thereupon the policeman was fee'd and civilly dismissed.

"You have agitated yourself too much, my love," said her father, chidingly; "it was wrong, very wrong. What would Dr. Gillies say?"

"No, papa, for I feel better already. I shall get well and strong very soon now, you will see. I know I am a true prophet!" And Aurelia laughed, but there was no music in her laugh.

Meanwhile the police-sergeant, jolting home in his gig, muttered this soliloquy: "Something amiss with that young lady. A screw loose, or I'm not John Miller. She knows more than she cares to tell. Pooh! that's an old story with women. Mr. D. behaved decently, though. Ten sovs. besides expenses. We share at the station; I suppose that I ought to pouch half."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Cavalry Horse.

The cavalry horse is quite as familiar with the long lists of varying trumpet signals as the rider himself; he stops instantly when the signal for halting is sounded; passes from a walk to a trot, from a trot to a gallop, without requiring any reminder from spur or rein. If his rider fall in battle, or lose his stirrups, he stops in a moment, and waits for him: if he remain lying on the ground, he stoops his head, smells at him, and when he ascertains that there is no hope of his remounting, makes his way back to his troop, wedges himself in his place in the ranks, and shares afterwards in the movements of the rest. Music has an amazing influence over him. If an air be suddenly struck up, you will see the worn-out and mortally tired horse raise his sick head, prick up his ears, become animated, and move briskly forward to the front.

During a halt, or when quartered for the night, the cavalry division stretched out on the ground, lies sleeping confusedly together, a jumbled mass, which it would be impossible to disentangle; men and horse side by side, the rider using his horse as a pillow, or rolling himself beside it to shield himself from the cold, the faithful creature seldom changing the position it has once taken. If it did so, it is with the greatest precaution; first it moves its head and legs, endeavoring gently to free itself; then it raises or turns itself very slowly and carefully, so as not to trample upon or disturb those who surround it. If the halt take place when the ground is wet or frozen, the rider will gladly force his horse to one side after it has lain down awhile, which by that time is warm, if not dry.

The most affectionate relationship subsists between man and horse, as the result of their thus living together. The animal seems to understand everything connected with his rider; he knows his master's step, his peculiar ways; knows how to seek him out from among others; is a faithful, disinterested companion and friend to him, and has this advantage over many another good comrade—that he does not grow weary even of suffering for him.

☞ An evidence of presence of mind worthy of consideration by all young women who read by candle or gaslight, is related by an English paper, of a lady whose dress caught fire from such a cause, and being in her bed-room, she immediately jumped into bed and drew the clothes over her; and having thus put out the fire without difficulty, she escaped without material injury.

☞ Towns should be taking measures for raising their quotas under the anticipated call for 300,000 men. Town meetings for this purpose have already been called in some places.

☞ One fellow says, when his stockings wear out, he sews up the tops straight across, and puts them on his feet the other way, thus making a good fit for square-toed boots.

THE SMUGGLER'S TRICK.

Founded on Fact.

"That's the coast-guard station, is it not?" I said, looking at the building he pointed me out, and wishing to change what I knew must be a painful subject. "Do you often have any smuggled goods landed at Elruin?"

"Very few, indeed, they keeps such an uncommon sharp look-out now-a-days; when I was a boy a deal of business used to be done, and they say as how the great people at the castle were not above trying it on now and then."

"When do you last remember any goods being smuggled on shore?" I said, seeing, from a grim sort of a smile, that he had a good story if he would but tell it.

"Two years ago, come January, was the last time as ever it was tried on; mayhap, sir, you would like to hear about it? Though part seems rather sad like, here goes.

"Two years ago come January next, a ship, looking like a collier coming from Newcastle, anchored in the offing; it was a clear frosty morning, with a sharp breeze from the east, which prevented many from going out fishing. About twenty of us were gathered round the benches in front of the coast-guard station yonder, when we seed this ship letting down her anchor.

"'What ship be that?' said I; 'taint the 'Tilda, what brings coals to the Elruin wharf. Jack,' says I to my son, 'cut home and get the glass, and let's see what we can make of it.'

"Just as Jack comes with the telescope, up comes Lieutenant Barns, who commands the station.

"'What do you make of it, my man?' says he.

"'Make of it, Captain?' says I, (we allers calls him Captain,) 'make of it? why nothing at all; 'taint the 'Tilda, though she seems to be a collier.'

"'A salvage case, perhaps,' says he; 'but we shall hear all about it directly, as they are letting down the boat, I see.'

"In a few minutes the boat was at the shore, and a man with a thick serge coat and very large buttons, jumped out and walked up towards the place where we were standing.

"'Does your parson live near here, mates?' says he, as he came up the gangway.

"'Parson,' says old John Piler, who loves his joke, 'to be sure he does, and he'll marry you as well as any one along the coast, as no doubt you have heard, and come about.'

"This sally was received with shouts of laughter by all except the man with the big buttons, who put on a most uncommon sad face, and pulled out a large handkerchief, with which he began to mop his eyes.

"'Taint my getting married,' says he, 'I be come about. Yonder ship be the collier Mary Ann Darley, of Newcastle; and it be along of Mary Ann Darley that I be here to-day.'

"She, then, wants to get married, only it's not to you,' said old John; 'and that's why you puts on such an uncommon long face. Well, I be sorry for you, mate, that I be.'

"'Mary Ann Darley, who was the beloved wife of our skipper, George Halfred Darley, and arter whom the ship was named, is dead—dead as a red herring,' said the man, with a voice full of anguish, which made old John look ashamed of his former jokes. 'No, mates, without any more trifling with my feelings, which are such as I can't express, tell us where your dear parson lives, because our skipper's mind be in such a state, that he says nothing but the consolation your vicar can give, of whom he has often heard, can do him any good.'

"This compliment to our minister, the Rev. Mr. Coles, whom we all loved, and of whom we were not a little proud, and the expression of deep sorrow on the man's face, turned all our sympathies towards him, and we all volunteered to show him the way to the vicarage.

"In less than half an hour we saw our minister's tall, thin figure coming down the village with the man with the big buttons, and in another ten minutes he was on board the vessel.

"In about an hour's time the boat landed Mr. Coles again, who, as he passed us, stopped to shake hands with the Lieutenant, who had again joined us, bringing his own glass with him.

"'Most interesting case,' said the vicar. 'I never saw a man more completely prostrated by grief. Poor fellow! his wife dead—just three days—only been married two years! I never witnessed more sympathy exhibited for any one than the whole crew expresses towards him; to see it was quite charming. The man with those large buttons is a good, honest, sailor-like fellow, with the tenderest of hearts. I was deeply interested in all the particulars of the young woman's death, which he told me. He ended by beseeching me to persuade the skipper to bury his wife, as the crew can't bear a dead body on board ship, and the skipper, he says, is almost always sitting and crying by it. I could not help agreeing with him that it was no use keeping the poor woman above ground.'

"'And what have you settled to do?' said the Lieutenant, returning his glass into its case.

"'Why, of course, the thing was rather irregular, but, as all the men on board seemed very anxious about it, I told the skipper, poor fellow, who seemed as overcome by grief as any man I ever met, that, if he liked, I would perform the last rites over his poor young wife this very afternoon. At first, as I was told to expect, he would not hear of the funeral taking place anywhere but at Newcastle, his home; but after some persuasion he yielded the point, and the thing is all settled; so, as I must tell the sexton to prepare a grave by half-past three, I must not talk any longer; and really, the scene I have just come from makes me feel that I should like to be alone for a time. I am most thankful to say that the conversation I had with the poor fellow has done much to make him resigned. He had heard of me often before, he said, and on his table I noticed my little tract on Resignation, which he told me, to use his own words, had been as balm to his wounded spirit. Very gratifying, was it not? Good morning to you, my dear Lieutenant; good morning, my good men,' he added, as we raised our caps to him, and saw his kindly face turn towards home.

"Before long the bell began to toll, and as I went home to my dinner I saw the sexton hard at work at the grave, which, at the skipper's request, was to be made on the side nearest the sea and farthest from the village, since he told the vicar it would be so comforting, when his ship passed by Elruin, 'to see the spot where his Mary Ann was sleeping.'

"The report that there was to be a funeral from the strange ship in the offing, spread like wildfire through the village, and half an hour before the body was to leave the ship the cliff was crowded by the villagers, the women, with their shawls tied over their heads, leading their children by their hands.

"Funerals are always a great attraction to our people, but since the last Earl at the castle was buried, none had caused so much interest as this.

"'Poor Skipper Darley!' says my old woman, 'won't he feel lonesome just, when he gets back to his ship without his ruissus?'

"'Werry,' says I, 'no doubt; he ain't been married more nor two years. Lor, what a good sort of a female she must have been, all the crew seem so fond of her; look you here, old lady, through the glass. D'ye see the figure-head of the vessel yonder?'

"'Yes,' says she, resting the glass on my shoulder; 'a figure of a woman in a green gown and yaller hair.'

"'That be no doubt an exact likeness of Mary Ann Darley,' says I; 'it's a very common plan that, and as old Cap'n Bist, as commanded the 'Tilda years ago, used to say: "Whenever I follows my wife I goes right; as I sticks her at the end of my vessel, the 'Tilda allers goes right."'

"'Lor!' says my wife, again looking through the glass, "how beautiful Mrs. Mary Ann Darley must have been! Never did I see such a bust, hair and hearrings. They are coming at last; the boats are being let down.'

"The church bells tolled sadly through the keen frosty air, and there was not a heart among all those on the cliff that did not feel the deepest sympathy for the widowed skipper.

"Slowly, and with a long measured stroke came the two boats, into the first of which we had noticed the coffin being lowered.

"The bier had been taken down to the shore, so, when they had all landed, the coffin was placed upon it, and borne up the gangway by four of the crew.

"The other four came behind; the skipper, who appeared dreadfully agitated, leant heavily on the arm of the man with the big buttons, his face buried in his handkerchief, from which at times we could hear a deep sob.

"Up the little street the procession went, and among all the women there was not an eye that was not filled with tears.

"'Poor fellow!' said my wife, 'he do take on terrible, to be sure, that he certainly does. How kind his friend seems to him, 'baint he crying just a little too?'

"Mr. Coles met them at the church gate, and, with some sixty others, they entered the church. I and my wife stood at the corner of the yard and waited till they came out, which they did before long, and the coffin was lowered into the grave as the clock ceased to chime four.

"After it was all over, Mr. Coles went up and shook hands, in his kind way, with the skipper, and tried to console him. Much he seemed to require comforting, poor fellow!

"'Just let me look once more at my Mary Hann's coffin—one more look at Mary Hann Darley's grave afore they fills it up for ever.'

"'Come along, poor mate,' said his friend, 'and don't take on so terrible. I have spoke to the kind wicar, and he says he will see to the monumint being erected right, when you sends the design from Newcastle. Only think, how comforting it will be, when you be a-sailing along past this here place with coals, to be able just to look through the glass and say, "I can see the place where, underneath an illigant tomb, rests Mary Hann Darley what was so very dear to me as a wife and all those who knowed her as a sister."'

"These words seemed to have a comforting effect on the mind of the widower, who suffered himself to be led away, saying, in tones which deeply moved us all, 'Bless your good wicar, what wrote that tract, which alone pervents me following my Mary Hann to the grave broken-'arted.'

"The bell began once more to toll, as the sexton filled up the grave, and hid from the admiring sight of the boys the rows of brass nails, which told that Mary Ann Darley was cut off at the early age of twenty-six.

"'Cut off as a tulip,' said the sexton, who always improved the occasion to the bystanders; 'and her husband remains as an ostrich alone in the desert; and how I wonders he did not have a brick grave, which would have made her comfortable, and been 2*s.* 4*d.* into my breeches' pockets, which, as my wife has twins again, would be acceptable—very.'

"'Bless ye, John,' says my old woman, as we walked home, 'I don't know what ye would do without *your* missus, to get your meals ready and take the insides out of fishes, nor I without my old man; and it's thinking of this that makes me feel so sad about this poor young man as has lost his Mary Ann, which must have been very beautiful, if she was any way like the figure on the ship, which was most pleasing as seen through your glass.'

"I had that evening, I remember, left a net on the sea-shore, and as I passed the coast-guard station I saw the Lieutenant was watching the ship, which had not yet started. He called me up into the guard-room where he was seated. 'Bill,' says he to me, 'three of my men unfortunately are at Darling this week. I must have at least five men to-night; so, if you wish to earn a good night's wages, be down at my house before eight this evening.'

"Before the appointed time I was at the Lieutenant's house; four of the coast-guard were seated round the kitchen fire, each armed with a musket and cutlass.

"'This is for you,' said the Lieutenant, handing me a cutlass and long pistol. 'Now follow me.'

"'Where are we to go to?' said I to the man with whom I had to walk.

"'To church,' says he.

"'To church?' says I. 'What a rum go!'

"'A rum go, indeed,' says he; 'only it's orders not to talk—so don't ax no more questions.'

"It was a clear night, and the frosty tombstones looked like ghosts as we entered the church, the key of which the Lieutenant had got. In a few minutes we were seated round the stove in the vestry, which we had lighted. A window was just opposite, and where I was sitting I could see the light of the strange ship in the offing, and a few yards before us was the new-made grave of the skipper's wife.

"I think we must have sat more than three hours, when I noticed the light on the ship, which it was my turn to watch, moving; and through the night-glass I could see that a boat was being lowered into the sea. I called the attention of the Lieutenant to this fact, who said, 'All right—I thought so; but as they won't think of landing nearer than the ruins, we shall have to wait some time yet, I'll be bound.'

"In less than an hour after this, just as the clock was chiming twelve, I distinctly saw four figures clambering over the church wall. Two of them stopped short and hid themselves under the shadow of an old tombstone, evidently to keep watch. The other two, keeping as much as possible out of the moonlight, advanced to the new-made grave before the window.

"'I can't tell you my horror when I saw the two men, whom I recognized as the skipper and his friend with the big buttons, proceed to take off their coats and set to work with shovel and pickaxe to open the grave.

"'He can't make up his mind to leave his dear wife arter all,' I whispered to the man next me, who was carefully examining the priming of his musket.

"'Don't talk, you fool,' says he. 'Let him have his wife if he likes. Remember, silence is orders, and no lights.'

"For another three-quarters of an hour we sat quieter than ever. 'Now's the time,' says the Lieutenant—'they're lifting the coffin out. You, John, and George Pankard, go through the south door, and mind you cut them off if they try to get through the village gate; don't use your muskets unless you can't help it, but don't let them get away. Now you three others come with me; directly I open the vestry door, rush out and handcuff them before they have time to get up from the coffin, which they are now opening. Are you ready?' says the Lieutenant, cocking his pistols. 'Now then, here goes, and look sharp.' With a loud crack flew open the vestry door, and out we rushed; and before the two men had time to rise from their knees they were safely secured with the handcuffs we had brought with us.

"'Very neatly done,' said the Lieutenant, as in a few seconds' time John comes up to say that they had secured both the other men.

"'Take the coffin to the station-house,' said the Lieutenant; and so we did, and opened it at once. In it, instead of the young wife with the yellow hair, we found a large collection of silks, tobacco, and other contraband goods. The clever rascals had hit upon this plan of getting their things on shore, knowing how strict the officers were in looking over every box that was landed.

"'Ah!' said the Lieutenant, as he finished overhauling the coffin; 'I expected as much. Directly I saw that artful scoundrel with the big buttons, I felt almost sure I had seen him before; and now I know it's no other than the man who took me in so cleverly ten years ago when I had the command at Darling; but I'm equal with him now, anyhow.'"

RANDOLPHE PIGOTT.

MECHANICAL INVENTIONS
And Inventors.

(CONCLUDED.)

Indeed, many inventions appear to be coincident. A number of minds are working at the same time in the same track, with the object of supplying some want generally felt; and guided by the same experience, they not unfrequently arrive at like results. It has sometimes happened that the inventors have been separated by great distances, so that piracy on the part of either was impossible. Thus, Hadley and Godfrey almost simultaneously invented the quadrant, the one in London, the other in Philadelphia; and the process of electrotyping was invented at the same time by Mr. Spencer, a working chemist at Liverpool, and by Professor Jacobi at St. Petersburg. The safety-lamp was a coincident invention, made about the same time by Sir Humphry Davy and George Stephenson; and perhaps a still more remarkable instance of a coincident discovery was that of the planet Neptune, by Leverrier, at Paris, and by Adams at Cambridge.

It is always difficult to apportion the due share of merit which belongs to mechanical inventors, who are accustomed to work upon each other's hints and suggestions, as well as by their own experience. Some idea of this difficulty may be formed from the fact, that, in the course of our investigations as to the origin of the planing-machine,—one of the most useful of modern tools,—we have found that it has been claimed on behalf of six inventors—Fox of Derby, Roberts of Manchester, Matthew Murray of Leeds, Spring of Aberdeen, Clement and George Rennie of London; and there may be other claimants of whom we have not yet heard. But most mechanical inventions are of a very composite character, and are led up to by the labor and the study of a long succession of workers. Thus, Savary and Newcomen led up to Watt; Cugnot, Murdock, and Trevithick, to the Stephensons; and Maudslay, to Clement, Roberts, Nasmyth, Whitworth, and many more mechanical inventors. There is scarcely a process in the arts but has in like manner engaged mind after mind in bringing it to perfection. "There is nothing," says Mr. Hawkshaw, "really worth having, that man has obtained, that has not been the result of a combined and gradual process of investigation. A gifted individual comes across some old footmark, stumbles on a chain of previous research and inquiry. He meets, for instance, with a machine, the result of much previous labor; he modifies it, pulls it to pieces, constructs and reconstructs it, and, by further trial and experiment, he arrives at the long-sought-for result."*

But the making of the invention is not the sole difficulty. It is one thing to invent, said Sir Marc Brunel, and another thing to make the invention work. Thus when Watt, after long labor and study, had brought his invention to completion, he encountered an obstacle which has stood in the way of other inventors, and for a time prevented the introduction of their improvements, if not led to their being laid aside and abandoned. This was the circumstance that the machine projected was so much in advance of the mechanical capability of the age that it was with the greatest difficulty it could be executed. When laboring upon his invention at Glasgow, Watt was baffled and thrown into despair by the clumsiness and incompetency of his workmen. Writing to Dr. Roebuck on one occasion, he said, "you ask what is the principal hinderance in erecting engines? It is always the smithwork." His first cylinder was made by a whitesmith, of hammered iron soldered together, but having used quicksilver to keep the cylinder air-tight, it dropped through the inequalities into the interior, and "played the devil with the solder." Yet, inefficient though the whitesmith was, Watt could ill spare him, and we find him writing to Dr. Roebuck almost in despair, saying, "My old white-iron man is dead!" feeling his loss to be almost irreparable. His next cylinder was cast and bored at Carron, but it was so untrue that it proved next to useless. The piston could not be kept steam tight, notwithstanding the various expedients which were adopted of stuffing it with paper, cork, putty, pasteboard, and old hats. Even after Watt had removed to Birmingham, and he had the assistance of Boulton's best workmen, Smeaton expressed the opinion, when he saw the engine at work, that, notwithstanding the excellence of the invention, it could never be brought into general use because of the difficulty of getting its various parts manufactured with sufficient precision. For a long time we find Watt, in his letters, complaining to his partner of the failure of his engines through "villanous bad workmanship." Sometimes the cylinders, when cast, were found to be more than an eighth of an inch wider at one end than the other; and under such circumstances it was impossible the engine could act with precision. Yet better work could not be had. First-rate workmen in machinery did not as yet exist; they were only in process of education. Nearly everything had to be done by hand. The tools used were of a very imperfect kind. A few ill-constructed lathes, with some drills and boring-machines of a rude sort, constituted the principal furniture of the workship. Years after, when Brunel invented his block-machines, considerable time elapsed before he could find competent mechanics to construct them, and even after they had been constructed he had equal difficulty in finding competent hands to work them.*

Watt endeavored to remedy the defect by keeping certain sets of workmen to special classes of work, allowing them to do nothing else. Fathers were induced to bring up their sons at the same bench with themselves, and initiate them in the dexterity which they had acquired by experience; and at Soho it was not unusual for the same precise line of work to be followed by members of the same family for three generations. In this way as great a degree of accuracy of a mechanical kind was secured as was practicable under the circumstances. But notwithstanding all this care, accuracy of fitting could not be secured so long as the manufacture of steam-engines was conducted mainly by hand. There was usually a considerable waste of steam, which the expedients of chewed paper and greased hats packed outside the piston were insufficient to remedy; and it was not until the invention of automatic machine-tools by the mechanical engineers about to be mentioned, that the manufacture of the steam-engine became a matter of comparative ease and certainty. Watt was compelled to rest satisfied with imperfect results, arising from imperfect workmanship. Thus, writing to Dr. Small respecting a cylinder eighteen inches in diameter, he said, "at the worst place the long diameter exceeded the short by only three eighths of an inch." How different from the state of things at this day, when a cylinder five feet wide will be rejected as a piece of imperfect workmanship if it be found to vary in any part more than the eighteenth part of an inch in diameter!

Not fifty years since it was a matter of the utmost difficulty to set an engine to work, and sometimes of equal difficulty to keep it going. Though fitted by competent workmen, it often would not go at all. Then the foreman of the factory at which it was made was sent for, and he would almost live beside the engine for a month or more; and after easing her here and screwing her up there, putting in a new part and altering an old one, packing the piston and tightening the valves, the machine would at length be got to work.† Now the case is altogether different. The perfection of modern machine-tools is such that the utmost possible precision is secured, and the mechanical engineer can calculate on a degree of exactitude that does not admit of a deviation beyond a thousandth part of an inch. When the powerful oscillating engines of the "Warrior" were put on board that ship, the parts, consisting of some five thousand separate pieces, were brought from the different workshops of the Messrs. Penn and Sons, where they had been made by workmen who knew not the places they were to occupy, and fitted together with such precision that so soon as the steam was raised and let into the cylinders, the immense machine began as if to breathe and move like a living creature, stretching its huge arms like a newborn giant, and then, after practising its strength a little and proving its soundness in body and limb, it started off with the power of above a thousand horses to try its strength in breasting the billows of the North Sea.

Such are among the triumphs of modern mechanical engineering, due in a great measure to the perfection of the tools by means of which all works in metal are now fashioned. These tools are themselves among the most striking results of the mechanical invention of the day. They are automata of the most perfect kind, rendering the engine and machine-maker in a great measure independent of inferior workmen. For the machine tools have no unsteady hand, are not careless nor clumsy, do not work by rule of thumb, and cannot make mistakes. They will repeat their operations a thousand times without tiring, or varying one hair's breadth in their action; and will turn out, without complaining, any quantity of work, all of like accuracy and finish.

* Beamish's *Memoir of Sir I. M. Brunel*; 79, 80.

† There was the same clumsiness in all kinds of mill-work before the introduction of machine-tools. We have heard of a piece of machinery of the old school, the wheels of which, when set to work, made such a clatter that the owner feared the engine would fall to pieces. The foreman who set it agoing, after working at it until he was almost in despair, at last gave it up, saying, "I think we had better leave the cogs to settle their differences with one another; they will grind themselves right in time."

* Inaugural Address delivered before the Institution of Civil Engineers, 14th January, 1862.

☞ FANATICISM AND IDOLATRY.—"The life and character of Robespierre," says Arnold, "has to me a most important lesson. It shows the frightful consequences of making everything give way to a favorite notion. The man was a just man, and humane naturally, but he would narrow everything to meet his own views, and nothing could check him at last. It was a most solemn warning to us what fanaticism may lead to in God's world. Fanaticism is idolatry, and it has the moral evil of idolatry in it. That is, a fanatic worships something which is the creature of his own devices, and thus even his self-devotion in support of it is only an apparent self-sacrifice, for it is in fact making the part of his nature or his mind, which he least values—offers sacrifices to that which he most values."

☞ Hon. Anson Burlingame once made a speech in front of Tremont Temple, in the course of which he spoke of Bunker Hill Monument as "that tall, gray shaft on Bunker's Height." The compositor made it read "that tall *grog shop*," &c.

Distress in Richmond—Losses of the Two Armies.

The New York World publishes the following facts, furnished by its Washington correspondent. They are based on accounts from rebel sources. He says:

The fortitude with which the rebels have borne their severe losses in the past two months seems to be giving way. A wail reaches here from Richmond, telling of agony and distress in that capital, taxing human endurance to its utmost. From an active sympathiser with the rebels—one who is in their confidence—it is learned that the distress in and around Richmond cannot be expressed or imagined. The forced marches to defend important points against our cavalry have used up a large number of men. Diseases of various sorts prevail to a fearful extent. It is estimated that General Lee has between forty and fifty thousand sick and wounded on his hands, whom he finds it impossible to remove beyond the scene of actual conflict. Besides this, there is a large population of non-combatants to be provided for. It is estimated that Lee has a population of two hundred thousand dependent on him for food, and the secesh fear that if Grant keeps the railroads cut, while the common roads were impaired by heavy rain, starvation would be added to the other calamities of the beleaguered cities. Lee has made an urgent appeal to Johnston for assistance, especially in cavalry, and they expected to-day that the repulse of Sherman would permit Lee's request to be granted.

The Secessionists contend that our losses fully double Lee's in the campaign, but say that he has never had so many men, and cannot stand a loss so well. Besides, by means of our Sanitary and Christian Commissions, our wounded are much better cared for, and a greater proportion of them return to the ranks. We have fewer sick in proportion to the number of our army, while the facilities we enjoy of removing all permanently disabled men from the army to distant hospitals gives us a great advantage. A desperate effort in the offensive is predicted on the part of the rebels, to relieve them of their embarrassments.

The New Loan Bill.

The new Loan act is in marked contrast with former laws, and of a very conservative character. The Secretary of the Treasury can now pay 7.30 per cent. in currency for $200,000,000, a rate which will attract large sums of money hitherto employed in speculations. It authorizes the reissue for existing notes paid into the Treasury of the 7.30s, thus giving to all money employed by the Government the advantage of the higher rate—a policy which will thoroughly demonetize all interest-bearing notes, and effect a sensible reduction of the volume of the currency. The act deprives the notes thus reissued of the power of redeeming local bank circulations, a disqualification which will force the local banks to contract materially. The power to negotiate a foreign loan will be promptly used, and a reduction be effected in the price of gold, so far as the production of cheaper exchange can do it. The Tax and Tariff bills in connection with the Loan act, can scarcely fail to produce a healthier condition of financial affairs, public and private. The tax bill will, at an early day, give the Treasury a good deal of money, and bring home to the people the fact that this war is a financial burden, and not simply an excuse for the issue of paper money upon which visionary fortunes can be created. In short, the Government has wisely determined to tax as much as possible, to pay its expenses, and to borrow as little as it can. The moment thorough taxation and borrowing in open market are determined upon, money rises in value, and commodities fall. The law absolutely prohibits the increase of United States notes, assuring the public that the volume of the currency has reached its maximum, and its reduction will be effected steadily by the Government. The money market and the stock exchange already feel the effects of conservative legislation, and in good time every department of business will conform to the new order of things.

An army correspondent gives a new word which has lately been coined and which is synonymous with "gobble" and with "skedaddle," and is used for any other word and for want of any other word. He says:—"A sixth corps staff officer dismounted near me a moment ago. I inquired where he had been riding. He informed me that he had been sent out on a general 'scuygle;' that he had 'scuygled' along the front, where the Johnnies had 'scuygled' a bullet through his clothes; that on his return he had 'scuygled' an ice-house; that he should 'scuygle' his servant, who, by-the-way, had just 'scuygled' three fat chickens, for a supply of ice; that after he had 'scuygled' his dinner he proposed to 'scuygle' a nap—and closed by asking how I 'scuygled.'" The correspondent claims that this word, like "skedaddle," is classical, and is derived from two Greek words.

A woman living at Windsor, England, named Scanwell, recently died through passion. She was in the act of pouring out some tea, when one of her children, aged four years, spilled some coffee on the floor. Mrs. Scanwell immediately flew into a great passion, threw an infant which she had in her arms on the floor, rushed at the child who had spilled the coffee, caught him by the arm and flung him with such violence that she nearly dislocated his arm, causing it to bleed. When a lady with whom she was living, remonstrated with her, she stamped her foot, and spoke in a very loud voice. Suddenly she gave a loud scream and fell on the ground, and almost instantly expired.

Misfits are sometimes lucky. The bandits in Mexico recently caught a Colonel. He was in plain clothes and denied his identity. In his trunk was a splendid uniform, but he declared it belonged to somebody else. He was made to try it on, and, although it really was made for him, the tailor had so blundered that the coat was found to be too large, and the bandits accepted the Colonel's word and neglected to shoot him, as they had intended, if he had been proved to be of the military persuasion.

A young lady of Wheeling, Va., was recently locked up to keep her from the company of her soldier lover. She managed one dark night to let herself down from her third-story window, and joined him, but he refused to elope with her. Love-smitten maiden, imagine her feelings, if you can!

☞ Losing Flesh.—The Louisville Journal says the people of the interior of Kentucky have been rapidly losing flesh lately—in the shape of horses and cattle.

Specie Payments.

It was stated, in the House of Representatives, on Thursday, by Mr. Thad. Stevens, that "the Bank of England suspended specie payments from 1796 to 1822." This is not exactly correct. The bank was restricted from cash payments by an Order in Council, dated February 26, 1797. Peel's Act for the resumption of cash payments passed in 1819, and the bank, anticipating the period fixed by Parliament, commenced paying specie in 1821. During the whole time of suspension from cash payments, there was a full supply of silver money, at no premium at all; and the highest point of gold was never more than a little over 30 per cent. A golden guinea (21 shillings) was sometimes worth a pound note (20 shillings) and six shillings in silver.—An Englishman, *in the Philada. Press.*

Losses of our Army.—The N. Y. Evening Post says the losses of our army during the campaign of General Grant have been greatly exaggerated. We hear, upon the best official authority, that the number of the killed, from the time the army crossed the Rapidan until it reached the James river, did not exceed four thousand men. The wounded numbered something over forty thousand, and including casualties of every description, less than fifty thousand; while the deaths of these wounded men are so far not much in excess of two thousand, or from four to five per cent. The injuries of the wounded men in the majority of cases are very slight. The permanent loss to our army for the time mentioned may be twelve to fifteen thousand men, but not in any case more than twenty thousand, and the loss of life is much less.

The "Death at the Altar" Story a Hoax.—Our readers may remember having read, two or three months ago, a very romantic and pathetic story about the death of a bride at the steps of the altar, in the beleaguered city of Charleston. It was asserted that the bride, a daughter of Governor Pickens, was killed in that happy moment, by a shell from one of our bombarding batteries, and the joy of her friends turned into sad, sad mourning. This story has at last been proven a hoax by the very press whose interest it would be to allow it to remain uncontradicted. A correspondent of the Macon Confederate characterizes it as a "Yankee lie," as no such thing ever happened. All the Southern papers which published it have given the contradiction to the story, and saddled it on "lying Yankee correspondents."

Water on Fire.—The following exciting event, according to a correspondent, took place recently in Baltimore harbor: Our harbor has been on fire for the last twenty-four hours, literally on fire. The surface of the water for thousands of square yards has been a perfect flame, caused by the destruction of the Italian ship Juliana, which took fire while lying at the wharf and loading with petroleum. She had on board one thousand eight hundred barrels, and had to be towed over to the opposite side of the basin to save the surrounding property. As the barrels would burst, the oil spread over the water in a flame.

☞ Indian and European Oratory.—A Red Indian's delivery, when speaking, is deliberate, slow, and monotonous, almost as if thinking aloud, and the punctuations are very strongly marked, and very long; their action is very fine, and they use a great deal of it. They display a favorable contrast to European orators, in never interrupting one another by word or look, even though the speaker may be uttering sentiments quite opposite to those of his audience, or even things that they all know to be untrue, and could refute; still he is always listened to with apparent respect and attention, and when he has sat down, although, perhaps, there may be a dozen who are burning to contradict or agree with him, they sit a few minutes, as if meditating on what has been said, and then rise, with the greatest deliberation, always giving way to the eldest. Certainly a council of Indian chiefs is generally conducted with more decorum and self-respect than most public meetings in more civilized countries.

☞ Politeness.—If you have an enemy, and an opportunity occurs to benefit him in matters great or small, act like a gentleman, and do him good service without hesitation. If you would know what it is to feel noble, and "strong within yourself," do this secretly and keep it secret. A man who can act thus will soon feel at ease anywhere. It is said of Callot, an eminent French artist and engraver of the seventeenth century, that he was once slandered in a pasquinade by a certain nobleman of the court. At that time, to have one's portrait engraved by Callot was an object of ambition with the highest dignitaries of the kingdom, and it was attained by very few. Callot's answer to the injury was to publish a superbly-executed likeness of his enemy, with an inscription setting forth his titles and great deeds. To this day the incident is cited as an instance of proud nobility of soul. Callot was in the highest sense polite.

☞ What Does it Signify?—"How is it that you live so happily with your husband, who is so exacting?" was asked by a lady, whose smiling face and sunny temper made her widely beloved. "Because I have never yet found anything worth contending for," she replied. "And," said her friend, "do you always give up your will to your husband's?" "Certainly not, where principle is concerned," said the lady, "but if it be on indifferent matters, what does it signify?"

☞ A soldier in hospital at Resaca, Ga., writes to a western paper:—"I see my name reported in the list of deaths at this hospital. I knew it was a lie as soon as I saw it. Hereafter when you hear of my death, write me and find out if it is so before publishing it. Yours, convalescently, Michael Butler, Company I, 47th Ohio."

☞ If any man has failed to estimate the affection of a true-hearted wife, he will be likely to mark the value in his loss, when the heart which loved him is stilled by death.

☞ A drunken fellow got out of his calculations, and was dozing in the street, when the bells roused him by their ringing for fire. "Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen," cried he. "Well, if this isn't later than I ever knew it."

☞ It has been discovered by experiment, that persons generally hear more acutely with the right ear, and see more keenly with the right eye.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head. The prices realized from $12 to 16 ₩ 100 lbs. 2700 Hogs at from $12,50 to 14,50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 5 to 7c ₩ lb. 220 Cows brought from $30 to 40.

The Saturday Evening Post

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
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LIGHTNING FLY-KILLER,

a neat, cheap article, easy to use. Every sheet will kill a quart. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

FRENCH, RICHARDS & CO., 10th and Market Streets, Philadelphia, wholesale agents. je18-3t

To Excursionists.—It is important that those who go on excursions for pleasure or health should make some provision against the attacks of bowel diseases, which not only cause them great inconvenience, but are sometimes fatal in their results. A bottle of Perry Davis' Pain Killer is, we have found, a most effectual remedy against such attacks. Visitors to Montreal and Quebec are subject to the kind of diarrhœa called the Montreal Cholera, against which the Pain Killer is a sure remedy.

Brown's Bronchial Troches.—A depot is opened in London for the sale of these lozenges, which have been so long in use in America for relieving Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Throat disorders, and affections of the Lungs.—*Liverpool Post.*

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th of June, by the Rev. T. B. Miller, Mr. George S. Biggins, to Miss Mary E. Martin, both of this city.

On the 23d of June, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. Oliver S. Martin, to Miss Rachel E., daughter of the late Mr. James J. Belair, both of this city.

On the 25th of Oct., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Capt. John C. Smith, to Miss Mary Senderling, both of this city.

On the 23d of June, by the Rev. Thos. Murphy, Mr. Thomas B. Luzier, to Miss Sarah A. Hendricks, both of Frankford.

On the 23d of June, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. Benjamin S. Hutchinson, to Miss Agnes Corden, both of this city.

On the 29th of June, by the Rev. Doctor Stork, Franklin Byerly, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Henry J. Richle, of Edgewood, Chester county.

On the 27th of June, by the Rev. R. H. Pattison, Mr. Jeremiah Adams, to Miss Mary Clarke, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On 4th-day, the 29th of June, Mary Ash, aged 74 years.

On the 26th of June, Alby S., widow of the late Thos. Hale.

At Alexandria, June 28, Lieut. William Kirk, 6th Pa. Cavalry, of wounds received May 7th at the battle of Todd's Tavern, in his 25th year.

On the 27th of June, Mr. James Robinson, aged 42 years.

On the 27th of June, George J. Phillips, aged 54 years.

On the 29th of June, Mrs. Catherine E. Wilhelm, in her 41st year.

On the 29th of June, Mrs. Mary C. Richardson, aged 77 years.

On the 29th of June, Mrs. Hannah, widow of the late Caleb S. Robbins, aged 64 years.

On the 25th of June, Mrs. Hannah Bassett, in her 56 year.

On the 25th of June, Elizabeth Denaven, in her 93d year.

Extra Attention to Strangers during the Sanitary Fair.
Full stock of FANCY GOODS.
Full stock of STAPLE GOODS.
Full stock of SUMMER SHAWLS.
Full stock of BLACK SILKS.
EYRE & LANDELL,
mar12-1y 400 ARCH Street.

B. FRANK PALMER.

Surgeon-Artist to the Medical Colleges and Hospitals; Author of New Rules for Amputations; Inventor of the "Palmer Arm," Leg, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. 1009 Chestnut St., Philada.—1009.

Three Squares West of the Old Stand.

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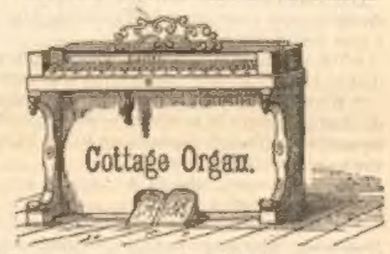

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Low Steam.

In the days when high-pressure steamers were the fashion, opposition the rule, and racing the custom on the Western lakes, we heard, felt and laughed at the following, did at Buffalo, by Jim Brundage, mate of the Columbus:—The General Wayne and Columbus were both up for Detroit, and steam up ready for a start. Captain, clerks, mates and engineers were on the wharf electioneering and telling all sorts of lies about their own and the rival boat. Brundage headed off Captain Pratt, of the Wayne, who had in tow a squad of twenty-nine passengers, whose leader bargainer, and oracle was a strong-minded woman of forty-five, who didn't quite like the "nasty, high-pressin" steamboats, "what's allers blowin' up, besides scaldin' folks."

"But, my dear woman," said Brundage, "if you will just step this way a minute, I'll convince you that the Columbus can't blow up. It's impossible."

Brundage got the company to the gangway, and then brought out from the kitchen a bucket of water, not warmer than milk just from a cow.

"There, madam!" cried the exultant and truthful officer. "We never heat our water hotter than that. So, you see, we can't blow up; and if we should, don't you see the water ain't hot enough to hurt anybody! We carry low steam, we do."

The argument prevailed, and the Columbus got that lot of passengers.

Upon another occasion, Brundage was at the canal packet landing, as the boat came in from Rochester, on Saturday evening, exercising all his eloquence to induce a company of very piously inclined travellers to take the Columbus, which was to leave Sunday morning. They objected to going on a Sunday boat, but still didn't like the expense of laying over in Buffalo till Monday morning. Brundage's explanation satisfied and decided them.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we don't do any Sunday work on the Columbus, only just to get her out of Buffalo. You see, we get up steam enough Saturday night to last us all the way to Detroit, and then, just as soon as we get past the light-house, we lash the wheel and let her jog along herself. She's been through so often, she knows the way just as well as any of us." They went with him.

A Brace of Tough Yarns.

B———y is noted among his friends for his big stories. The other day some one was relating in his hearing a remarkable feat of strength which he witnessed.

"That is nothing to what I saw in New Orleans in the winter of forty-nine," said B———y. "The load of shot I saw a man carry on that occasion beat everything in the lifting line that I ever heard of."

"Tell us about it," urged a listener, knowing that one of B———'s tough yarns was coming.

"Why, sir, I saw a man shoulder eight bushels of shot and carry it a square—carry it a whole square, sir, although he sank up to his knees in the pavements at every step."

"Oh, B———y, take off a bushel or two."

"Can't take off a shot."

"But that is no more wonderful," continued B———y, who was in a story-telling humor, "than what happened to me last fall while hunting on Peoria Lake."

His listeners drew their chairs closer around him, and lighting a fresh cigar, B———y went on.

"I discovered a fine large buck on the bank of the lake. I crept cautiously within good range, and taking deliberate aim, fired. Down went the buck, and down I went—the gun being heavily charged, and kicked me over. I was considerably stunned, but when I recovered and got up, I found that I had fallen upon and killed a covey of quail. The concussion of the gun had thrown the ramrod out, and looking for it, I saw it floating on the surface of the lake, a few rods from shore. Passing the dead body of the duck, I waded out to the ramrod, the water being up to my arm-pits, when judge of my astonishment to find the ramrod strung full of the finest kind of fish, which it had impaled as it darted through the water. As I was about to wade out, I felt something crawling inside my pants. Curious to know what it was, I took off my suspenders, tied them around the bottoms of my pants, and waded ashore. Reaching dry land, I extracted a bushel and a half of eels from my pantaloons! It was the biggest shot I ever made."

There was silence for some time, when Col. B———, who had been an attentive listener, simply remarked: "Augh, B———y, you will do."

A Polite Hint.

Rev. Mr. H——— was stationed at Appleton, Wisconsin, and was very much annoyed on the first Sabbath by the whispering and other improper conduct of some young gentlemen present. He stopped his discourse, and, fixing his eyes upon the offenders, said, "I very much dislike to reprove any one in a congregation where I am not acquainted, as I am afraid of making as great a mistake as Brother R——— once made at F———. While preaching his first sermon he was very much disturbed by the misconduct of an individual in the congregation, who, though several times reproved by Brother R———, only behaved the worse for it through the whole sermon. As Brother R——— was leaving the church after the services, one of the brethren accosted him with, 'Brother R———, didn't you know that man you reproved to-day was a fool?'" It is needless to say the nuisance was abated.

THE PRESENT INFLATION.—Bill S——— is a good accountant, but like all men, will sometimes make mistakes, and in one of his bills figured up that "8 times 8 are 88." The debtor was not slow in discovering the mistake, and demanded an explanation. Bill examined the account and saw that he was "down" but did not like to admit it; so putting on a bold face, he said—

"That's all right."

"How so?" was the inquiry.

"It's all owing to the inflation of the currency," said Bill, "the multiplication table, like everything else, has gone up!"

☞ A JUDGE OF PORK.—"No man," says Mrs. Partington, "was better calculated to judge of pork than my husband was; he knew what good hogs were, he did, for he had been brought up with 'em from his childhood."

THE MODEL WAITER.

CUSTOMER (*indignantly.*) Reasonable! What, one dollar for a steak and rhubarb pie!
HEAD WAITER (*blandly.*) Oh, sir, if you'd a' spoken before'and, we'd 'ave perwided a dinner more suited to a style of genteel hindigence.

COULDN'T TURN HIS STOMACH.—A newly arrived student at a certain college down east, chanced one day to dine at the same table with one of the professors. As soon as the company were seated, the student to the surprise and merriment of the rest, began helping himself to the different viands placed before him. "Hold on a moment, my friend," said the professor, gravely, laying his hand on the young man's arm, "I have a few words to say before you begin." The student looked the professor in the eye a moment, and then coolly remarked, "Well just say what you please; you can't turn *my* stomach."

☞ "Doctor, kin you tell me what's the matter of my child's nose? She keeps a picking of it."

"Yes marm; it's probably an irritation of the gastric mucous membrane communicating a sympathetic titillation to the epithelum of the echoerium."

"Thar, now, that's just what I told Becky. She 'lowed it was worrums."

☞ ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.—An individual advertised in one of the papers for "a wife," the other day, and requested each applicant for the situation to enclose her *carte de visite*. One of his correspondents closed her reply in these terms: "I do not enclose my *carte*, for, though there is some authority for putting a cart before the horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass."

A RICH COUNTRY.—An Irishman having moved out West to a newly settled country, where the rainy weather prevailed, was asked by an old acquaintance how he liked it. "Och! shure! and I like it first rate," said he. "You may take a handful of the soil and you can squaze the very fat out of it."

AGRICULTURAL.

The Law and Manners on the Road.

All of us have ideas more or less correct, in regard to the law which regulates our use of the highways; and, at any rate, good sense and good nature are usually very safe guides. A few words on the subject, however, may not be amiss.

It is commonly said that every one has a right to half the road. This is practically true, and comes about in this wise: You and I meet upon the road—our legal rights are exactly equal, and both have a right to go our several ways without obstruction; so, popularly, we say I own half and you half. The law steps in to facilitate matters, and directs each to turn towards his right hand. The road should be "worked" wide enough for two teams abreast, then each man has a clear title to a passage on his right hand side of the way; and no one has a right to obstruct another while on his own proper track. This is true whatever the load or team; for if one can drive such a team that another can pass him but with difficulty or not at all, then their rights are no longer equal. This point becomes very important in winter, for it is no joke to turn your horse and all into the deep snow while your neighbor goes smoothly along in the beaten path. No one has a right so to load his team as not to be able to give up half the track to whoever demands it.

A footman may choose the part which pleases him, or any portion of his right hand half the way, and the team must yield to him. This is clearly so in winter, and no man is obliged to step into the snow for one or two horses. This is the law, and the Court awards it.

Now for the manners of the road, which, in some instances, vary from the law thereof.

The first requirement of road manners is good nature and an accommodating spirit. Do to others as you would have them do to you. Always be willing to yield more than half the space, then you will be pretty sure to be equally well treated. They who exact inches will have inches exacted of them. If your neighbor has a heavy load, consult his convenience as far as possible; you may sometime be loaded. It has become a practical rule of courtesy to turn out for wood and logs, and for other heavy teams in winter, for they say, "we often cannot turn out, and never safely—so, if you want wood, accommodate us"—which we are very willing to do. But remember it was a favor, not your right, and you have a reciprocal duty to perform, one which, I am sorry to observe, is not always borne in mind. When you have unloaded, and are returning empty, just recollect that you had the whole road in the morning, and it is no more than fair that you should be particularly obliging to those whom you meet now, and give them their full share of the path.

One word in relation to teams going the same way; in which case many seem to think there is neither law nor manners. When a team comes up behind you, which desires to proceed faster than you do, that team has a right to a reasonable space and opportunity to pass in—in fact, to half the road for that purpose—and your obstructing him in his lawful desire is both bad manners and bad law. If your load is heavy, do the best you can. In most cases the very least that can be asked is that you should stop. This is particularly so in winter, when it is heavy tax on a team to force it into a trot in deep snow—made necessary by your continuing at a walk. My remark above in relation to the emptied wood-sled applies here, and if one wishes to pass you, remember that while loaded you had the whole road.

One remark more, to and for the ladies. First, to them. If out walking, keep in the path. Never step into the snow or mud for any ordinary team. If you meet the team, step into your right-hand track or part of the road, and all goes on easily. If the team comes up behind, step into your left-hand track; then, as sleighs are built, the horse keeps in the other track, as before; whereas, if you continue in your right-hand track, the horse or the team must travel wholly in the deep snow in order to pass you, and the driver will be tempted to scold his wife as proxy for the female sex generally.

I have this to say for the ladies—always turn out for them. They are entitled to the right-hand half, and will you run over them because, in their confusion at meeting one of the "lords of creation," they happen to take their half out of the wrong side?

I close this somewhat lengthy dissertation with an appropriate aphorism: Wheel grease is a great lubricator, but good manners are a vastly greater one.—*Claremont (N. H.) Eagle.*

A Novel Mode of Growing Squashes.

An excellent method of growing squashes, melons, and other such vegetables, where a person has but little room, and wishes to make the most of it—as a small city plat—is to plant them so that they will run on a trellis. Set four upright stakes, or small posts, about two feet apart each way, in the centre of which plant melons, squashes, or whatever else is wished. As the vines begin to run, support them upon the trellis by nailing across small slats of board; and when the melons are set and begin to form fruit, erect a shelf for it by placing short pieces of boards across the slats previously nailed on. Pinch off the running shoots of the vines, so as not to have too heavy a growth, and as they run higher place additional slats for the purpose of supporting them. There are two advantages to this plan, and, so far as we are acquainted, no disadvantage. It economises space in the garden, and the fruit ripens earlier than when upon the ground, half covered with leaves. Those of our readers who have small gardens would do well to "make a note" of this plan, and give it a trial another season.—*California Farmer.*

The Proper Way to Bit a Colt.

Farmers often put a bitting harness on a colt the first thing they do to him, buckling up the bitting as tight as they can draw it, make him carry his head high, and then turn him into a lot to run half a day at a time. This is one of the worst punishments they could inflict on a colt, and very injurious to a young horse that has been used to running in pasture with his head down.

A horse should be well accustomed to the bit before you put on the bitting harness; and when you first bit him you should only reign his head up to that point where he naturally holds it, let that be high or low; he will learn that he cannot lower his head, and that raising it a little will loosen the bit in his mouth. This will give him the idea of raising his head to loosen the bit, and then you can draw the bit a little tighter every time you put it on, and he will raise his head to loosen it. By this means you will gradually get his head and neck in the position you wish him to carry it, and give him a graceful carriage, without hurting him, making him angry, or causing his mouth to be sore.—*Turvey.*

A Story of Whist.

I tell the story as nearly as I can as he related it to me:—"I used to play a good deal with Rechberg," said he, "and took pleasure in worrying him, for he was a great purist in his play, and was outraged with anything that could not be sustained by an authority. In fact, each game was followed by a discussion of full half an hour, to the intense mortification of the other players, though very amusing to me, and offering me large opportunity to irritate and plague the Austrian.

"One evening, after a number of these discussions, in which Rechberg had displayed an even unusual warmth and irritability, I found myself opposed to him in a game, the interest of which had drawn around us a large assembly of spectators—what the French designate as *la galerie*. Towards the conclusion of the game it was my turn to lead, and I played a card which so astounded the Austrian minister, that he laid down his cards upon the table and stared fixedly at me.

"'In all my experience of whist,' said he, deliberately, 'I never saw the equal of that.'

"'Of what?' asked I.

"'Of the card you have just played,' rejoined he. 'It is not merely that such play violates every principle of the game, but it actually stultifies all your combinations.'

"'I think differently, count,' said I. 'I maintain that is good play, and I abide by it.'

"'Let me decide it by a wager,' said he.

"'In what way?'

"'Thus: We shall leave the question to the *galerie*. You shall allege what you deem to be the reasons for your play, and they shall decide if they accept them as valid.'

"'I agree. What will you bet?'

"'Ten Napoleons—twenty, fifty, five hundred if you like!' cried he, warmly.

"'I shall say ten. You don't like losing, and I don't want to punish you too heavily.'

"'There is the jury, sir,' said he, haughtily, 'make your case.'

"'The wager is this,' said I, 'that, to win, I shall satisfy these gentlemen that for the card I played I had a sufficient and good reason.'

"'Yes.'

"'My reason was this, then—I looked into your hand!'

"I pocketed his ten Napoleons, but they were the last I won of him. Indeed, it took a month before he got over the shock."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

EACH is bounded by his nature,
And remains the same in stature
In the valley, on the mountain.
Scoop from ocean, or from fountain,
With a poor hand or a richer,
You can only fill your pitcher.
Oriental Poetry.

☞ Mr. Darnell, of Danville, Indiana, came to his death lately from erysipelas, caused by his having attempted to vaccinate himself by saturating a thread with the virus, and drawing it through his arm with a needle.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

FEVER AND AGUE POWDERS.—Two ounces Peruvian bark, half ounce cream of tartar, 100 cloves pulverized. Mix the whole together and divide into twenty-four powders. Take one every hour, after the fever is off, in a little water.

This receipe was given to many persons by the late Benneville De Brown, of Philadelphia, and was always successful in curing this troublesome disease, so prevalent this season through the country.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE BEST WHITEWASH.—Mr. Uriah Ritchie, well known in Boston as a master-builder, and one of the owners of the immense building in New York in which are located the offices of the Scientific American establishment, gives to us the following receipt for whitewashing. Mr. Ritchie is a practical and successful mechanic in the broadest sense, and after forty years' experience at mason work, and after having made a great many experiments in the art of preparing whitewashes, he comes to the following conclusions:

First—For rough outside walls—those exposed to the weather—the best mixture is clear lime and water. Any animal or vegetable substance added diminishes the adhesion and durability of the wash.

Second—But if the wall is hard and smooth, the wash is improved by a mixture of very fine sand—as much as will mix and can be applied.

Third—For inside walls an addition of a little glue—say a quarter of a pound to three pailfuls—increases the adhesion. If it is desired to have the walls very white, the white of eggs may be used in the place of the glue.—*Sci. American.*

IRON STAINS.—These come from iron-rust, ink, etc. To remove them, the iron is first dissolved by a solution of oxalic acid in water. The oxalate of iron thus produced, which, unlike iron rust, is soluble, is readily removed by washing or soaking. Ink spots (tanno-gallate of iron) upon the printed leaves of books, are removed in the same way—but the lamp-black of the printer's ink is not at all affected. If fresh, such spots may be wholly effaced; if old and dry, a very little will remain.

Wheel grease makes a compound stain of grease and iron. The grease may be taken out first by alkali; and then the iron by oxalic acid. If tar has been used on the wheel, rub on lard, which will dissolve it, and then apply the alkali. Turpentine will answer nearly the same purpose as lard.

AMMONIA CAKES.—These will keep fresh for any length of time. They are made as follows: 1 lb. of flour, 1 lb. of currants, 1-4 lb. of butter, 6 oz. of sugar, 1-2 pint of cream, a piece of ammonia rather larger than a filbert, and three eggs, leaving out one white. The cakes should not be cut for a fortnight.

CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.—Contributed to the American Agriculturalist, and been pronounced excellent by one of the editors. Ingredients—Three ounces of chocolate, (Baker's is good,) three pints of milk, six eggs, four tablespoonfuls powdered white sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar. First prepare a soft custard with the milk, the beaten yolks of six eggs, and the white of one. While this is cooking grate the chocolate and dissolve by pouring over it a cup of warm water, and then heat it up to the boiling point, and sweeten with brown sugar. When a little cool, mix it with the custard, and flavor it with a teaspoonful of extract of vanilla. Put the whole in a suitable dish, and pour over the top the remaining whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth and sweetened with sugar. Brown it lightly in a moderate oven. It should be brought to the table as cold as possible.

THE RIDDLER.

Acrostical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 7, 16, 15, 4, 8, 8, is an acid.
My 2, 6, 17, 5, 8, is a country in Asia.
My 3, 8, 2, 17, is a common thing at the present time.
My 4, 8, 2, 13, is what we all strive for.
My 5, 3, 8, is a man's name.
My 6, 5, 13, 15, is a digit.
My 7, 14, is a preposition.
My 8, 7, 3, is indispensable.
My 9, 8, 12, 6, is an animal.
My 10, 7, 13, is a metal.
My 11, 17, 15, is a kind of poem.
My 12, 7, 6, 15, is a beverage.
My 13, 2, 10, is the egg of an insect.
My 14, 8, 6, 8, is a city in Arabia.
My 15, 13, 17, is what we must all come to.
My 16, 11, 12, is an adverb of time.
My 17, 2, 1, 5, 17, 7, 13, 4, is practiced in Mathematics.

My whole is the name of an authoress which is to be found in the list of unrivalled corps of authors for The Lady's Friend.

Lancaster Co., Pa. R. W. DEAVER.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mankind, with evil passions cursed,
Are often said to be my first.
My second you will find in air,
If you but seek with patient care.
My third is something clear and bright,
It changes darkness into light.
My fourth a carriage, nice indeed,
It often moves with rapid speed.
My whole an island, sailors say,
Lies on the coast of Africa.

Elba, Min. C. JONES.

Riddle.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in squaw, but not in papoose.
My second is in fast, but not in loose.
My third is in rose, but not in thorn.
My fourth is in hate, but not in scorn.
My fifth is in rise, but not in fall.
My sixth is in fence, but not in wall.
My seventh is in strength, but not in power.
My eighth is in minute, but not in hour.
My ninth is in son, but not in daughter.
My tenth is in ink, but not in water.
My whole is the name of a city.

St. Louis. YATES.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is an iron railway 10 miles in length, which is uniformly inclined to the horizon. Now, if a car be started at the lower end with a velocity of 250 feet per second, it will just reach the top at the time motion ceases. Allowing no resistance but that of gravity, it is required to find the angle of inclination of the railway?

REUBEN BARTO.

Pine Grove, Schuylkill Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Geometrical Problem.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The two equal sides of an isosceles triangular measure 30 perches each. Required, the base when the radius of the inscribed circle is a maximum. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The hypothenuse of a right angled triangle equals 12345679012345679012098765432098765 4322. The perpendicular is two less than the hypothenuse. Required, the base without resort to algebraic or "diaphantine analysis."

Mohawk, N. Y. EROS N.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are military officers the most unlucky of men? Ans.—Because they are always in some *mess* or other.

☞ When is a vessel smaller than a bonnet? Ans.—When it is *capsized*. (The author has since had his head shaved.)

☞ Why is the stern of a vessel leaving port like an uncivil gentleman? Ans.—Because it never returns a bow.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink. For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head; and the Lord shall reward thee." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Benjamin F. Butler, Major General. CHARADE—Abundance (A-bun-dance.) RIDDLE—Wheat.

Morgan Stevens sends the answer to his PROBLEM published May 14th:—

1st child had on 1st day	-	$8 2 4 / 2 5
2d child had on 1st day,	-	$ 1 / 2 5
1st child had on 2d day,	-	$ 3 2 / 2 5
2d child had on 2d day,	-	$1 3 0 / 2 5
1st child had on 3d day,	-	$1 0 1 1 2 4 / 1 0 2 1
2d child had on 3d day,	-	$1 0 4 0 / 1 0 2 1
1st child had on 4th day,	-	$3 3 6 4 / 1 1 5 6
2d child had on 4th day,	-	$1 1 6 6 4 / 1 1 5 6
1st child had on 5th day,	-	$1 1 5 6 / 1 0 0
2d child had on 5th day,	-	$1 4 4 / 1 0 0

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, published May 28th:—4, 16, 64, 256, 1024, and 5, 25, 125, 625. Miss E. R. Graves, Aurora, Ill.; Walter Siverly, J. N. Soders, and Morgan Stevens.

Answer to PROBLEM by Morgan Stevens, published May 28th:—A travelled alone $5\frac{5}{11}$ miles in $5\frac{5}{11}$ hours. B travelled alone $13\frac{7}{11}$ miles in $6\frac{6}{11}$ hours. Whole journey performed in $10\frac{5}{11}$ hours. Walter Siverly. Morgan Stevens gives the same answer as above, except he says B travelled $5\frac{6}{11}$ hours, and C $2\frac{6}{11}$ hours, and travelled $20\frac{6}{11}$ miles.